POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By Mr. *GEORGE WOODWARD.*

A

— Sunt quædam mediocria, ſunt mala plura.
Mart.

Their ſev'ral Ways of Life let Others *chuſe;*
Their ſev'ral Pleaſures let 'em uſe;
But I *was born for* Love, *and for a* Muſe.
Cowley.



OXFORD.
Printed at the CLARENDON Printing-Houſe.
MDCCXXX.

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By Mr. GEORGE WOODWARD.

Sunt quædam medicinæ, sanè malæ plagæ.
Mart.

Their several Ways of Life let Others chuse;
Their several Pleasures let 'em use,
But I was born for Love, and for a Muse.
Cowley.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

Printed at the Cambridge University Printing House.
MDCCXXX.



M. Cole Ocon. Sculp.

TO

The Right Honourable

HENRY

Earl of *Clarendon*

and *Rocheſter*.

FOrgive the Muſe, if (yet unknown to Fame)
She ſeeks Protection from your *Lordſhip's*
Name;

Weak in herſelf, ſhe dares not hope to ſtand,
Unleſs ſupported by an abler Hand:
So creep the Ringlets of the tender Vine
Round ſome tall Elm, and all their Curls entwine,
Sweetly luxuriant by this Aid they riſe,
And ſhoot their ſwelling Cluſters to the Skies.
O! *were* as theſe could but my Numbers flow!
Could but my Verſe to *ſuch full-Ripeneſs* grow!
Then might I hope, nor hope in vain to ſee
The beſt of Patrons and of Friends in *Thee*:
But ah! *my Lord*! I know my ſelf too well,
Theſe Lines, theſe artleſs Lines my Weakneſs tell:
What Beauty muſt thoſe Numbers recommend,
That fondly hope a CLARENDON their Friend!
Bright in Each manly Grace muſt they appear,
Free as their Patron's Mien, and as his Virtues *clear*.

Poets were born the Great-Man's Paths to view,
And give the Patriot all a Patriot's Due;

To

To ſcan his Actions with impartial Eyes,
And yield him, what the Jealous World denies;
To trace his Footſteps to the Verge of Life,
Thro' Fortune's Maze, and the rough World of Strife;
And, as the glimmering Lamp of Life decays,
To Shade his Twilight Walks with Verdant Bays;
To the dark Vault attend his ſacred Herſe.
And ſing his Triumphs in a Deathleſs Verſe.

To *Pollio Virgil's* modeſt Lyre was ſtrung,
And what *Mæcenas* favour'd, *Horace* ſung:
Thou! in whom all their Virtues brighter ſhine,
Exert that Candour, which alone is Thine;
And ſpare the Bluſhes of my Virgin-Muſe,
Who dares not hope for more than your Excuſe.

Tho' all the Spirit of the *Roman* Lyre
Breaths not in mine, nor does my Breaſt inſpire;

Yet

Yet let me boast the Sanction of a Name,
So Truly-Great in all the Rolls of Fame;
Yet let me boast (tho' low my Numbers be)
'Nor fear to tell, that CLARENDON is HE.

George Woodward.

THE PREFACE.

Prefaces are Things, at which the Generality of Mankind are ſo very much diſguſted, that I was in a doubt whether I ſhould write one or not: for when I came to conſider with my ſelf that it does not at all enhance the Value of the Book, or any ways prejudice the Reader in Favour of it, I was entirely at a Nonplus what to do; I was then (*as* Tom. Brown *of facetious Memory has it*) "*no leſs embaraſs'd in the* "*Front of my ill Productions, than a good* "*General at the Head of his Troops; I* "*knew not in what figure to dreſs my* "*Countenance: only this I knew, if I put* "*on a fierce and haughty Look, my Read-*

ers

"ers would think themſelves oblig'd to "lower my Topſail, and bring me under "their Sterns: if I ſhould affect an hum- "ble ſneeking Poſture, they'd ſlight and "deſpiſe me: if I was to boaſt of the Ex- "cellency of my Subject, they would not "believe a Syllable of what I ſay; if I "ſhould tell 'em, there's little or nothing "in it, perhaps they'd take me at my "Word; and to ſay nothing at all of one's "Work, is an inſufferable Impoſition upon "an Author," and eſpecially upon thoſe, who have juſt hoiſted Sail: they generally love to launch out pretty far, and think the Reader is oblig'd to take as much Pleaſure in hearing their Nonſenſe, as they do in writing it: as for my own part, I needs muſt ſay, I am fond of this Amuſement, but that is no Reaſon why others ſhould be ſo too: tho' I know there are ſome People in the World, who take a Delight in hearing a young Author, giving a long account, how old he was when he wrote ſuch and ſuch Pieces, and if it had not been at the Importunate Deſire of his Friends, *he had been* wiſe enough *to let 'em reſt in his Scrutore: I ſay, I know a great many of this Com-*

plexion.

plexion. But God forbid! that I should ever venture upon such an Untruth, as to tell my Readers, that what I publish, was wrote under eighteen *or* nineteen *years of Age, (as many have done) and make 'em believe that I was wise enough to leave* Parnassus *at those Days; no, I scorn such Proceedings, for if the Things are not good, it's no matter at what age they were wrote.*

As to what I here publish, I have very little to say for 'em, only that they were wrote at leisure Hours for a mere Amusement, and having a pretty many Pieces by me, I thought the Publick might as well make use of 'em, as the Rats and Mice: as they are, the Reader is welcome to 'em, tho' they are not so good as I could wish 'em.

I must here beg Pardon for a few loose Thoughts, which perhaps may be found in those, which run most upon Love, *as it is a Subject, which may naturally decoy a young Author into a too warm way of expressing himself; though (if I'm not mistaken) there is Something like a Proverb, which perhaps may make a little for me, and contribute towards an Ex-*

cuse for this Free-speaking, viz. Apollo friget sine Venere. *But for fear the Ladies and* pretty Fellows *should be at a Loss for the meaning of this Piece of Latin,* (*for, I suppose they'll be very Inquisitive to know what it is, when they hear me making an Apology for my loose Thoughts, especially upon that darling Subject* Love) *I'll e'en tell 'em in plain* English, All Poets are Amorous.

Indeed, I don't pretend to vindicate the Defects of my own Performances, which, I am very well satisfi'd are many, but they are owing to my want of Judgment, and more Skill in that excellent Art: for, I'll give you my Word, I never did nor ever will set up for a Master of it, and (*as Mr* Prior *said of himself*) *am only a Poet* by Accident. *However, I heartily wish they may divert the Reader in his leisure Hours; and if they have the good Fortune to be approv'd of, I shall hug my self in their Success, and think, that the little time, I have spent about 'em, is spent to no ill Purpose.*

I must once more beg Pardon, for here inserting the Character of a Young Lady, *who* (*if I had had the Happiness of*

seeing

ſeeing her before the Thing was printed off) ought to have been taken particular Notice of among the Oxford Beauties. *I hope the* Lady *won't take it ill, that ſhe is here mention'd in the Preface, or indeed that I took the Liberty of* mentioning her *at all in my worthleſs Poetry: but as the* Love of Praiſe *ſeems to be a Paſſion, naturally implanted in the* Female Sex, *I may almoſt aſſure my ſelf, that I have been guilty of no great Crime, in endeavouring at thoſe Commendations, which a Young Lady of her Virtues realy deſerves.*

What Words can fair *Hortilia*'s Charms expreſs?
Happy! could fair *Hortilia* charm us leſs!
How can I praiſe thoſe dear, reſiſtleſs Charms!
Thoſe gently-heaving Breaſts! thoſe ſwelling Arms!
Thoſe flowing Ringlets, that conſpire to deck
The breathing Marble of her Iv'ry Neck!
Thoſe pretty, pouting Lips! that killing Air!
That Mien, peculiar to the matchleſs Fair!
Thoſe dimply Checks, where kindling Bluſhes riſe!
And the ſoft Languiſh of her loveſick Eyes!

Nor

Nor is her Face more perfect than her Mind;
Sure Nature ne'er in One such Beauty joyn'd!
Happy the Nymph! whose winning Virtues grace
The transient Glories of so fair a Face.

PS.

I need not make any Apology for a small Piece, which I have inserted towards the End of my Book, it being the Performance of a Young Gentleman, since dead, who was a Westminster Scholar, *Son to the Reverend Dr* Clarke *of* Long-Ditton in Surrey: *The Thing is judg'd by others, who have read it, besides my self, to be a very pretty Performance, and Something uncommon for* fifteen *Years of Age.*

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POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

On *Lucan* Lib. IX. Verſe.
Jupiter eſt, quodcunque vides.

An Ode.
Written as an Exerciſe at Lincoln Coll. in *OXFORD.*

SOLE, uncreated, Self-Exiſtent Cauſe!
Being unconfin'd! uncircumſcrib'd by Laws!
Nature's Parent! Motion's Spring!
Inhabitant of vaſt Eternity!
Imagination's Boundary!
Teach me by thy Pow'r to ſing,

How to ſing, and ſing of Thee;
Flame Coeleſtial! lead along,
Fix the Barrier of my Song;
Whence muſt I raiſe
The lofty Numbers, equal to thy Praiſe?

II.

In vain with all the Batteries of Wit
Thy Preſence we explore,
In vain with Reaſon's Ballaſt do we try
The Ocean of Eternity,
Unfathom'd, without Shore;
Loſt and bewilder'd in the Maze,
We ſail the dark, immeaſurable Way,
Our Lamp denies a ſteddy Blaze,
And only caſts a feeble Ray;
So all our Knowledge terminates in This,
Thou art from all Eternity Alone,
Immenſity unknown.

III.

III.

All Learning does but ſtrive in vain,
Learning! that mazy Cobweb of the Brain,
That renders all the Avenues
Of Truth, that in itſelf is plain,
Impervious and abſtruſe,
Perplex'd and intricate,
By that falſe Engine of our Mind, Debate.

IV.

Man! fond, miſtaken Man!
Tho' his capacious Head, the ſacred Ark!
Where a whole World of Science does imbark,
Has ſteer'd and labour'd all it can,
As Reaſon fill'd the Sail,
Yet what does all this fruitleſs ſearch avail?
Learn'd Wretch! he fondly would pretend,
His Port is gain'd, his Race is run,
And all his tireſom Voy'ge is done;

Is done! how far? but just enough to shew,
That all his Knowledge is but empty Show,
A Pageant Dream! a Point! an End!
No wiser thro' the tedious Course he ran
Fond! mistaken Man!
Than when he first began.

V.

Whate'er we see, whate'er we feel,
Does all the God reveal,
Confirms the Grand Mistake
Of Those, whose Eagle-Thoughts would make
His Seat so wondrous high,
Beyond the Limits of the Sky,
Out beyond the World's wide Sphear,
And fix his Habitation there.

VI.

Think not He's God, because his Place
By Man's mistaken Race

Is fix'd on high;
The whole Creation ſpeaks his Preſence nigh;
Who on the Univerſal Frame,
Sole Principle! himſelf has ſpread,
On Earth, and in the Ocean's Bed,
Still varying, and ſtill the Same.

VII.

In each new-riſing Thought we feel
The Energy Divine;
And hence our Being prove,
From Him, who firſt ſtretch'd out the Line
Of Entity on Motion's Wheel,
And by his Power gave it Play,
To run it's deſtin'd Way,
Unbounded and Eternal Love!

VIII.

Whate'er we in this World purſue
Still points an Omnipreſence out to View;

Our

Our Paſſions and our Will declare
(In that we never act in vain,)
Whoſe is the grand and Sov'reign Care,
Who 'tis, that holds the Rein,
Our Life and Actions all proclaim,
With all this Univerſal Frame,
Who guides the Whole, and whence it came.

IX.

Say, Man! miſtaken Man!
Now tell me, if you can;
Canſt Thou behold this whole Creation,
The Godhead's Emanation!
Canſt Thou behold it, and not raiſe
Thy ſtaggering Reaſon up to him, whoſe ways
Are trac'd thro' all
This Univerſal Ball!
Whoſe Preſence fills Immenſity
In Beauteous Variety.

Whether in the River's Flow,
Or where, the Plants and Herbage grow,
'Tis He, that guides and actuates the Whole,
Of all the World both Eye and Soul.

X.

Whether we ſend our Reaſon's piercing Rays
Beneath the Great, unbounded Deep,
Where Storms and Tempeſts ſleep,
Whether unrein'd Imagination ſtrays
Thro' the black, Howling Deſart's pathleſs Ways,
The Deep and Howling Wilderneſs declare
The Omnipreſent Godhead there:
The Calms and Tempeſts both proclaim
By wondrous Contrariety
The Preſence of the Deity,
Tho' various the Effects, the Godhead ſtill the ſame.

XI.

Whether amid the Gloom we ſtray,
And ſend our Intellectual Ray

Up to the pure, cærulean Plains on high,
There all the Glories of the Sky,
As round the liquid Space
They run their bright, ætherial Race,
Declare the God, who guides their Dance,
And makes 'em to the self-same Place,
Where they begun
Their Course to run,
At certain Periods advance.

XII.

Each vocal Planet, fill'd with Light,
As o'er the Bosom of the Night
It wheels it's Course
Declares the Omnipresent Source,
From whence it's Splendour came,
And glories to proclaim
Thro' all the wide, ætherial Way,
The Fountain of Eternal Day,

Who lives in All, tho' ſtill the ſame,
The Great, Invifible, Prolifick Flame.

XIII.

Now fond, miſtaken Man!
Thy baffled Knowledge bow,
And Know, with Rev'rence Know,
That all you ſee, and all you feel,
The Preſence of the Godhead does reveal:
Nor think to hide
Thy boaſted Pride,
But down with all thy Learned Store,
And with thy humbled Heart adore
Him, whoſe Immediate Preſence rules
This Univerſall Globe, of All
Sole Principle and Life.

TO A

Young GENTLEMAN

WITH

Mr. *Addiſon's*

Miſcellaneous Works.

TO form the Age by ev'ry nicer Art,
By Virtue's Standard to improve the Heart;
To teach Mankind the Dictates of his Pen,
To live like Chriſtians, and to think like Men:
To laſh the follies of a vicious Age,
To mend our Actions, and reform the Stage;
To riſe conſpicuous in his God's Defence,
And laugh unthinking Atheiſts into Senſe;

For

For This Great *Addiſon* was known to Fame,
For This true *Britons* glory in the Name.

'Twas not enough, by Verſe to warm the Heart,
He joyn'd the Critick to the Poet's Art:
Impartial Candour all his Works attend,
Backward to blame, but willing to commend.
In Verſe or Proſe we equally are warm'd,
Nor more by Muſick than by Reaſon charm'd.
In Him we ſee, how ſober *Virgil* wrote,
How *Euclid* reaſon'd, and how *Plato* thought.

If ever *Addiſon* deſerv'd that Praiſe,
Which few can claim in theſe degenerate Days;
If e'er True Merit could thy Youth controul,
And wake the dawning Greatneſs in thy Soul;
If ever all that's Generous, Great, Divine
Could touch the Paſſions of a Mind like Thine;
Accept this humble Off'ring, and excuſe
This long Encomium from no venal Muſe;

Whoſe ſteddy Temper by no Party ſway'd,
Has gain'd no Honours, or a Friend betray'd;
Was never ſervile to the Great-Man's Call,
Equally careleſs or to riſe or fall;
Now boldly riſing in the Poet's Praiſe,
Strives by his Worth to animate her Lays.

That all that's Good you wiſely may embrace,
And your bright Annals by no Crime deface;
That all your Actions may be Great, Divine,
And add new Honours to your ancient Line;
That you may riſe like *Addiſon* in Name,
And trace his footſteps thro' the Paths of Fame;
Read, and attend: imbibe each Heav'nly Part,
And graft his bright Perfections on your Heart.

Hence may you learn by ſeveral ways to pleaſe,
"To think with Judgment, and to write with Eaſe,"
To blame with Candour, but to give your Praiſe,
Where Merit ballances, and Reaſon ſways:

To rise with boldness in your Country's Cause,
Instruct the Senate, and confirm the Laws;
To be at once the Poet, Statesman, Friend,
To teach Mankind, and seek the Christian's End;
To be that Man, who may in Justice claim
His Country's Homage, and his King's Esteem.

TO

TO A

PAINTER

Upon seeing a

Certain APOTHECARY's

PICTURE.

OUT from the Canvass these faint strokes erase,
The Picture's faulty, you've mistook the Face:
Dost think we know him, as you've drawn him thus?
There's Difference, Man! between these Folks and Us.
Come, Come, Vermilion! try your skill once more,
See! if we can't draw better than before;
Here, take your Pencil; set *Don Querpo*—There,
Now clap beneath his Breech an Earthen Jar:

Draw

Draw him a-working Med'cines for the P–x,
Cloſe to his Elbow ſet an empty Box.
A Row of Gallypots upon the Shelf,
With Roots as old, and muſty as himſelf:
High o'er the Quack let Poppy-Heads be ſtrung,
And formidable Alligators hung:
Here ſet green Jars, with Bottles all in Rows,
With Pills, and Powders, nauſeous to the Noſe,
There Bladders, Drugs, and Teeth the Medley-
Scene compoſe.

Now Sir we've done: and I'll engage, 'twill do;
But as you draw'd—it was a Man, 'tis true;
But if this i'n't more like Him than before,
Then good Sir Paint! take my Advice no more.

AN Evening Slumber.

FAST by thoſe Meads, where gentle *Iſis* glides,
Fatt'ning the Flocks, that graze her herbag'd ſides;
Where the pale Ivy round old *Godſtow* creeps,
Whoſe mould'ring Tow'r hangs nodding o'er the Deeps:
As in the Covert of a neighbouring Shade,
My weary Limbs to pleaſing Reſt I lay'd;
Calm, and ſerene the Stream in Murmurs flows,
Soft thro' the Trees the Evening Zephyr blows;
Streams, Zephyrs all conſpire to ſoften my Repoſe.

* A Place near *Oxford*, where *Roſamond's* Tomb is to be ſeen.

As

As in a Dream my roving Fancy ſtray'd,
And airy Phantoms in my Boſom play'd;
Slow from the Tomb fair *Roſamonda* came,
Her Shape, her Looks, as when alive, the ſame:
Down from her Head her Night-veil flow'd behind,
Decent, and graceful, ſporting with the Wind.
Penſive and ſlow ſhe wander'd o'er the Grove,
And (if I rightly heard) ſhe talk'd of Love.

But now the midnight Clocks began to toll,
The Breeze diffus'd the Sound from Pole to Pole:
The Hour was come, when Ghoſts are ſaid to walk,
And to the Groves in horrid Accents talk:
Sudden was heard to charm the lovely Maid,
A warlike Muſick thro' the lonely Shade;
Now Regal Trumpets blow a Shriller Strain,
Now ſofter Flutes in melting Notes complain;
When lo! I ſaw great *Henry*'s Form appear,
Still clad in Arms, and in his Hand a Spear:

Thrice bowing he addreſs'd the blooming Fair,
And thrice the Muſick floated on the Air.
Then hand in hand along the Grove they walk'd,
And of their paſt Enjoyments fondly talk'd;
Oft, I perceiv'd, they caſt their longing Eyes,
To'ard the dear Bow'r, where *Woodſtock*'s Scenes ariſe;
As o'er the gloomy Wood, and lonely ſhade
They gaz'd, thus ſpake the viſionary Maid.

Oh! tell me, lovely, deareſt *Henry*, tell,
(For ſure it is no Crime to love too well)
Canſt Thou forget that ever-happy Day,
When in Love's Arms we firſt together lay?
When ev'ry Hour was ſpent in ſoft Delight,
Each Day return'd as welcome as the night;
Whene'er my *Henry*, ſheath'd in azure Arms,
O'er Heaps of ſlain, purſu'd the War's Alarms.
Oft thro' the Gloom I'd ſteal a tender Sigh,
But then methought I heard thy Soul reply:

When-

Whene'er the Trumpets fill'd the paſſing Gale,
And call'd my *Henry* from the bow'ry Vale,
Did not my Boſom with an equal Flame
Leap at the Trumpet's Voice, and burn for Fame?
Say, when my *Henry* drop'd a ſilent Tear,
Could Sympathetick *Roſamond* forbear?
Ah! no, ſhe could not; all thy Thoughts were Mine,
And all my eager Soul flew out with Thine.
Oft in yon Bow'r, oft in yon lonely Shade,
Oft by the Murmurs of yon ſoft Caſcade,
Have we together liv'd the happy Day,
Melted in Joys, in Tranſports died away.

Sweet are the whiſpers of the midnight Breeze,
That gently pants upon the trembling Trees;
Sweet are the Notes of tender Nightingales,
That ſing their Sorrows to the liſtning Vales;
Sweet, all along the melancholy Shore,
The moaning Halcyons their Fate deplore;

Pleasing's the Falling of the drowsy Floods,
Pleasing's the Verdure of the dusky Woods:
But now no more these once-lov'd Scenes arise,
Melt on my Ear, or brighten in my Eyes.
Vain are the whispers of the midnight Breeze,
In vain it pants upon the trembling Trees;
Vain are the Notes of tender Nightingales,
In vain they sing their Sorrows to the Vales;
In vain, along the melancholy Shore,
The moaning Halcyons their Fate deplore;
No more delights the Falling of the Floods,
No more the Verdure of the dusky Woods:
Deep in low Vaults I keep Eternal Night,
Shut up from Day, and ev'ry dear Delight;
Where pale-ey'd Virgins sit beneath the Ground,
And pensive watch the dying Lamps around:
Whence hollow Sounds are heard, and Shapes are seen
Gliding athwart the melancholy Green.

Me oft by Night the wand'ring Peaſant ſees,
In penſive Mood between the Moonlight Trees;
Backward he ſtarts, ſtruck dead with pale Affright,
And flies me, as a Phantom of the Night.
Oft when the Night ſlow mounts her Ebon-Throne,
Thro' theſe lone Shades I wander all alone:
Oft o'er the Meads I roam to *Woodſtock*'s Bow'r,
Once the dear Scene of ev'ry ſofter Hour!
Pleas'd to behold our once-lov'd, happy Seats,
Our ſilver Streams, and bow'ry, cool Retreats;
Theſe I've reſign'd to One more fair than Me,
And proud I am to own, that *Spencer*'s ſhe.

O! could my *Henry* take me to his Arms,
As once he did, and revel in my Charms!
But what can we? ſtern Deſtiny denies,
Thwarts all our Hopes, is deaf to all our Sighs;
No more this Breaſt muſt feel the am'rous Fire,
No more muſt *Henry* glow with ſoft Deſire:

Time

Time was when we were happy in our Love,
When each bright Charm could ev'ry Senſe improve.
Tho' vaniſh'd Joys by Fancy we reſtore,
Melt in falſe Love, and act paſt Pleaſures o'er,
Yet how do we our real Paſſion prove?
Where's the Embrace, the real Soul of Love?
I can no more — for Lo! the Morning Ray
Peeps o'er yon Eaſtern Hill; I muſt away.

She ſaid; and, like ſome Phantom of the Night,
Or Air impaſſive, vaniſh'd from the Sight.

THE

THE English PINDARICK.

DEar *Thomas*! haſt thou never ſtood
Within th' Encloſure of a Wood?
There, *Thomas*, didſt thou never mind
Th' Employment of ſome lab'ring Hind?
With how much Care, and Art Profound,
He piles his Sticks upon the Ground:
Firſt lays beneath ſome of the longeſt,
Perhaps, becauſe he thinks 'em ſtrongeſt;
Then heaps ſome ſhort Ones theſe upon,
So long and ſhort, 'till All is done,
Which, when a With has bound up all,
The Country-Folk a Faggot call.

So

So fares it with thoſe Publick-Biters,
Which we miſcall Pindarick-Writers;
With Pen and Ink, and wondrous Pains,
They bind together various Strains,
Firſt Lines as long, as any Arm,
With Rumbling Stuff the Vulgar charm:
Earth, Heav'n, and Hell muſt all conſpire
To ſett the noiſy Bard on Fire.
Next comes a Line not half a ſpan,
Like Dwarf behind a Giant-Man,
Trembling and ſlow, it ſcarce can ſpeak,
But muſt in ſofter Accents ſqueak;
Then comes the Long-Tail'd Thing again,
Thund'ring on in frantick ſtrain,
Wide it ſwells, and foames with Rage,
And leaps beyond the ſcanty Page.
Thus on they run in long-breath'd Chace,
Each other ſtriving for the Race,

'Till having many Pages ſpent
In proud Bombaſt, and noiſy Rant,
The long Verſe drags his Length along
To full Extent; ſo ends the Song.
This Monſtrous Thing, unknown to Fame,
Our modern Bards PINDARICK name.



TO A

Young LADY

Sitting at her GLASS.

TO touch the Canvaſs with the niceſt Art,
To make it glow with Life in ev'ry Part;
To bid the blended Colours fall, and riſe,
To melt the Soul with ev'ry ſoft Surpriſe;
For This great *Kneller* roſe up into Fame,
Such was his Talent, ſuch may be his Claim:
'Tis Yours, bright Nymph, in ev'ry Art to pleaſe,
With Grace untaught, and a becoming Eaſe:
To move the ready Paſſions, as you will,
To melt with Softneſs, or with Frowns to kill.

Kneller's

Kneller's nice Art could fill the Soul with Love,
But you can make the lovely Image move;
See! how it waits your high Commands the while,
Frowns, when you frown, and gives you Smile for Smile;
Whene'er you bid it ſhare an equal Part,
Act o'er each Thought, and talk the flowing Heart,
The Lips in Sympathetick Language move,
Sigh all your Sighs, and ſpeak the tender'ſt Love.
Unnumber'd Victims at your Toilet Die,
Struck by the keen Reflection of your Eye.

THE English SLAVE.

WHY boaſt we our Freedom, and good antient Cauſe,
Our Rights, and our Titles, and true Engliſh Laws;
When we're taken amidſt all our Triumphs and Arms,
By *Albion*'s fair Daughters all-conquering Charms?
Sure the Gods are reſolv'd, (ſince we can't be outbrav'd,
Nor by any foreign Invaſion enſlav'd)
They'll try what our wily young Women can do,
If they by their Arts can't our Courage ſubdue;
They have try'd, and 'tis over; the Victory's won,
Silks ruſtle, Fans flutter, and lo! we're undone.

A

SIMILE.

HAst not thou ſeen, ſay honeſt *Natt*:
The Frolicks of the ſimple Cat?
How in a Chamber, young and gay,
Her Tail ſhe courſes round in Play;
How round and round ſhe'll ſtill purſue,
Still has the Play-Thing in her View;
Oft catches at it with a Spring,
Then miſſes it, and runs the ring;
Wiſhes to ſnap the Bauble in,
But whisks it back, and fools agen.

So fares the half-complying Laſs,
When warmly courted on the Graſs;
With eager Looks ſhe eyes her Love,
And longs the ſoft Delight to prove:
Doubts labour in her anxious Breaſt,
She half-conſenting to be bleſs'd;
When her Will makes a cloſe Attack,
Fear and Suſpicion pull it back;
What one likes, th' others diſapprove,
So run th' Eternal Round of Love.

AN

Engliſh PROVERB.

WHen I was but a Child, I remember, one Day
My Brothers and Siſters, and I were at Play,
And (if I'm not miſtaken) 'twas Husband and Wife,
So at it we went with great Fury and Striſe:
Upon this, my old Nurſe (who ſtood by all the while)
God reſt her dry bones! thus began with a Smile,
A ſmoky Houſe, Sir, (ſays ſhe) and a quarrelſome Wife,
Are two the worſt Plagues, that attend a Man's Life;
I laugh'd at her Queerneſs, tho' then but a Youth,
Ne'er dreaming old Women could ever tell Truth:

But

But I' Faith! I have try'd 'em, and found to my Coft,
That my Reft both by Day and by Night is all loft.
Good Heaven! her dry, wither'd Carcaſe reſtore;
For I ne'er could believe your old Nurſes before.

THE

THE RAPTURE.

BEar me, ye Gods! to *Oxford*'s learned Seats,
Or cover me in **Cornwell*'s dear Retreats;
Cornwell! whose Shades my serious Thoughts engage,
Cornwell! the †*Tibur* of the Roman Age!
Where the soft Muses string the warbling Lyre,
And Heav'nly Scenes Poetick Thoughts inspire:
Where tuneful Birds on ev'ry bloomy Spray,
Sing to the rising, and the falling Day:
Where Fountains gurgle, and the Grotts reply,
Where Poets sing, and musing Lovers sigh.

* *Cornwell*, a Seat of the Reverend Mr. *Penyston*'s in *Oxfordshire*.
† *Tibur*, *Horace*'s Seat in *Italy*.

And now, methinks, I've gain'd the happy Shade,
All careleſs on ſome moſſy Bank I'm laid,
And hear ſoft Muſick die along the Glade:
Hark! how the Brook in weeping murmurs flows,
Hark! thro' the Trees the musky Zephyr blows,
Ye Brooks! ye Zephyrs all continue my Repoſe.

But now ye Gods! once more exert your Pow'r,
To bleſs my Days, and crown the ſmiling Hour;
Let ſweetly-ſmiling *Phœbe* too be there,
Phœbe! the darling Object of my Care!

My Pray'rs are heard; and now, methinks, we rove,
Arm link'd in Arm, thro' all the bow'ry Grove,
Whilſt Sighs and ſpeaking Looks declare how much we love.

As thro' the interwoven Shades we ſtray,
The interwoven Shades our Loves diſplay;

Like theſe we ſtand, claſp'd in one mutual Tie,
Together flouriſh, and together die.

Now, all ye Pow'rs! who fill the Thrones above,
Heav'n's all your own; nor do I wiſh to prove
The Joys, that you can give, ſince *Phœbe* crowns
my Love.



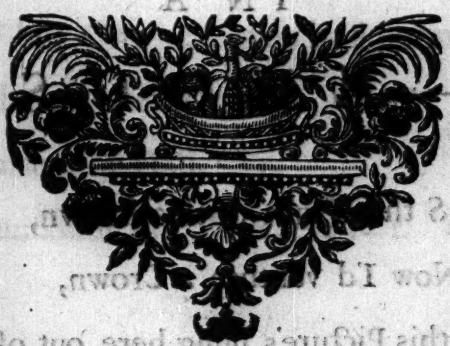
SONG TO PHÆBE.

PRetty *Phœbe*! if you love me,
Do not let your Talking move me,
Mention not a Rival's Name;
Pretty *Phœbe*! don't perplex me,
Let not theſe Reflections vex me,
That you feel another's Flame.

If you knew how you undo me,
Sure you would not talk thus to me,
Sure you kindly would forbear
Thus to rob my Soul of Reſt,
And torture my poor, drooping Breaſt:
A Rival's Name I cannot hear.

Ceaſe,

Ceaſe, fair Nymph! this coy Behaviour,
And take the Penſive Thing in Favour;
Charming, pretty *Phœbe*! do;
But if you will not value me,
Pray, why ſhould I thus doat on Thee?
So, pretty Maid! Adieu! Adieu!



ON

ON

Seeing the P—R's PICTURE, IN A N—ry HOUSE.

WAS the Truth of this known,
Now I'd venture a Crown,
That this Picture's hung here out of ſpite;
But be that as it will,
He fares better ſtill,
Than if he was put more in Sight.

Was

Was he hung amongſt All
In the Parlour or Hall,
He could but be ſeen, at the beſt;
Yet I'll venture to ſay,
(Tho' He's out of the Way)
He's gaz'd on, as oft as the reſt:
And I may farther declare,
He's ſeen oftner, than they are,
(Tho' but One at a time he'll permit)
For it's Chance whether All
See the Parlour or Hall,
But undoubtedly all People ſ—t.

THE CASE ſtated.

SUre there never was known
Such a Tribe about Town,
Of Poets and Beggars and Prieſts;
They flock ſo about,
One can hardly ſtir out,
Without meeting a dozen at leaſt.

Should a Stranger come near Us,
To be ſure he would ſneer Us,
To ſee ſuch a Tribe up and down,
As worthy men All,
As Thoſe of their Call,
Either Men of the Quill or the Gown.

But

But we need not long doubt, — —
Why they ſtrole ſo about,
The Reaſon, I take to be This,
The Caſh of our Nation's
So little in Faſhion,
That it can't but be ſo as it is.

Then, Good Sr. Directors!
For God's ſake protect Us;
Let the Money but come into Faſhion,
Then the Poets and Prieſts,
And thoſe Beggarly Beaſts,
Shall never more trouble the Nation.

TO

PHÆBE,

On Her wiſhing to learn upon the SPINNET.

SAY, *Phœbe*! ſay how could you wiſh to prove
The ſad Effects of ſoft-inchanting Love?
How could you wiſh to ſee your Slave expire,
Struck by the Sweetneſs of your magick Lyre?
Are You too weak the Lover's War to wage,
That doubly arm'd you muſt our Sex engage?
Alas! we know too well your Beauty's Charms,
Too well we know the Conqueſts of thoſe Arms:

But

But theſe ſuffice not your aſpiring Soul,
New Schemes of Conqueſt in your Boſom roul;
With lawleſs Pride you ſpread your ſubtle Snares,
And boaſt, that Beauty's nothing, if ſhe ſpares:
Then, charming Creature! have your wiſh, and prove
How ſweetly you can kill the Thing, you cannot love.

TO

PHÆBE,

Preſenting HER

WITH A

RING.

ACcept, fair Maid! this Earneſt of my Love,
Be This the Type, let This my Paſſion prove:
Thus may our Joys in endleſs Circles run,
Freſh as the Light, and reſtleſs as the Sun:
Thus may our Lives be one perpetual Round,
Where Care nor Sorrow ever ſhall be found.

Thus

Thus may we live; but when you ſee me die,
Drop one ſad Tear, and breath one gentle Sigh,
Then pitying ſay—may Heav'n on him beſtow
It's choiceſt Gifts, that he Above may know
Joys ſtill as Endleſs, as he prov'd Below.

French

French Policy.

ENgland! awake! the Pow'rs of France increaſe;
Too long we've ſlept in ſoft, luxurious Eaſe:
Thou, who rejoyceſt in the Clank of Arms,
To whom the Cries of charging Hoſts are Charms:
Thou, who art foremoſt in the Chace of Fame,
Whom the Earth dreads, and trembles at thy Name;
Shalt Thou thus ſtoop to little, modiſh Sports,
And learn to ſpend your time, by Forreign Courts?
Shall the rough *Briton* ogle at a Play,
Or at Quadrille paſs the dear Hours away?
Shall He, whom Drums and Warlike Sounds rejoyce,
Sit ſweetly-ſilent to *Cuzzoni*'s Voice,
Sunk in ſoft Raptures ſhew the Charmer's Skill,
And Die or Live at pretty Madam's Will?

Shall

Shall He with Kickſhaws A-la-mode be fed,
Train'd up in Sloth, and to the Toilet bred?
Shall he be taught to act the Coxcomb's Part,
To walk in Minuet, and run by Art?
Shall he be taught to liſp a Forreign Tone,
Talk in bad Language, and forget his Own?

Awake! awake! O *England*! riſe! advance!
Check the proud Foe; 'tis Hell conſpires, 'tis *France*:
Dare to have Senſe yourſelves, aſſert your Right,
'Tis theirs to trifle, but 'tis Ours to Fight.
Creſſi has felt Our Arm, ſhe knows us well,
Unhappy *Agincourt* the ſame can tell:
Since they can't conquer us by Dint of Arms,
They ſtrive to undermine us by their Charms;
Perhaps too ſoon may teach us how to yield
Without the Terrours of a Fighting Field:
For this, we ſee the Trumpets laid aſide,
And theſe by forreign Muſick are ſupply'd.

No

No more the Helmet ſhrow'ds the manly Face,
But the big, powder'd Wig has fill'd it's Place.
Thin, airy Dreſs ſupplies the Coat of Mail,
And dangling Stick-Frogs o'er Broad-Swords prevail:
Arms and the Man are now quite out of uſe,
The One grows ruſty, and the Other looſe.
Now French Commodities are all the Faſh:
Poor *England's* Products are but counted Traſh;
French Diſhes, Dreſſes, French Employs, French Courts,
French Fops, Diſeaſes, Follies, and French Sports.
In ſhort-- we're Frenchmen all, and prize that moſt,
Which comes the fartheſt, at the deareſt Coſt.
O! where is all our antient Virtue gone,
That thus by falſe Temptations we're undone!
Too late in vain ſhall we reſiſt their Pow'r,
Too ſoon they'll trap us in ſome vacant Hour;
Then may we, thus made Captive and forlorn,
The Fate, we courted, at our Leaſure mourn.

Riſe,

Riſe, *England*! riſe; and let the Frenchman know,
That the free Briton ſcorns to ſtoop ſo low,
To empty Dancers, and a powder'd Beau.

TO

SACHARISSA.

DEar, unrelenting, cruel Fair!
How could you firſt my Heart inſnare,
Then leave that Heart to break?
How could you firſt obtain a Prize
By thoſe dear, ſweet-deluding Eyes,
And then that Prize forſake?

Like the cloſe, Everlaſting Flame,
My Heart is doom'd to burn the ſame,
Whilſt you the Heat inſpire:
You, like the Veſtal, void of Sleep,
Within, Eternal Vigils keep,
And feed the fainting Fire.

Dear,

Dear, Cruel Nymph! your Flames ſuppreſs,
O Love me more, or Plague me leſs;
Too much, you know, I've bore:
Either throw off that haughty Air,
And ſhew the ſoft-complying Fair,
Or let me Love no more.

A

PASTORAL.

THE Sun was ſunk beneath the Weſtern Hill,
Clear was the Skie, and all the Groves were ſtill:
No Noiſe was heard within the ſilent Wood,
Save the low Murmurs of a rowling Flood,
Or what the paſſing Beetle breaths around,
A drowſy, humming, melancholy Sound:
'Twas at this time, a Shepherd's Boy was laid
Beſide the Fallings of a ſoft Caſcade;
The ſoft Caſcade but ſlowly rowl'd along,
Hung in it's Fall, and liſten'd to his Song:

The

The flying Gales and ev'ry paſſing Breeze,
With gentle Sighs fill'd all the trembling Trees;
The trembling Trees a dumb Compaſſion ſhew,
Droop'd their tall Heads, and preſs'd the Greens below:
The weeping Brooks ran mournful down the Plains,
And tun'd their Murmurs to his riſing Strains:
But Gales, nor Trees, nor Brooks enough deplore,
Phœbe is dead! and *Colin* joys no more.

Unhappy Swain! (the mournful Shepherd cry'd,
The flatt'ring Vales and lofty Hills reply'd
Unhappy Swain!) Ah! luckleſs Day to me!
Would I had never liv'd that Day to ſee!
When 'long the Margin of this ſilver Flood,
Beneath this pendant Shade, and bow'ring Wood,
The beauteous Corſe in fun'ral Pomp was led,
Whilſt the ſad Stream remurmur'd, *Phœbe*'s dead:
The ſilver Swans, that on her Waters glide,
And oft' were ſeen to graze her herbag'd Side,

Now,

Now, ſeeming conſcious of the lovely Maid,
Lament their Loſs beneath the Poplar Shade;
(For oft at Morn, or in the Evening fair,
Phœbe would feed 'em, as her darling Care.)
With doleful Notes they fill the ſounding Shore,
And cry with me, poor *Phœbe* is no more.

When *Phœbe*'s Preſence gladden'd all the Plains,
Freſh were the Greens and ſweet the Sylvan Strains:
The feather'd Syrens warbled thro' the Shade,
And, as we paſs'd, their tuneful Homage pay'd:
The Flocks and Herds in ſeeming Pleaſure ſtood,
And Bleats and Lowings fill'd the lofty Wood:
But now ſhe's gone, no more delight the Plains,
Nor freſh the Greens, nor ſweet the ſylvan Strains,
No more the Birds ſit warbling on the Spray,
Nor, as I paſs, their tuneful Homage pay;
The Flocks and Herds, unmindful of their Food,
And wild with Grief, run frantick thro' the Wood:

My

My Pipe, that wont before to play ſo ſweet,
Now lies neglected at it's Maſter's feet;
And Tray, poor Cur! unknowing where to go,
Whines at my Side, as ſenſible of Woe:
The Birds and Cattle all with me deplore,
Phœbe is dead! and *Colin* joys no more.

For Her the Shades their ſilken Slumbers yield,
For Her the Flow'rs perfum'd the painted Field.
For Her the musky Zephyrs tun'd the Shade,
And whisp'ring Boughs in ſoft'ning Muſick play'd;
For Her ſoft-purling Rills from Summits flow,
Whoſe tinkling Drops reſound in Grotts below;
For Her the Lawns and opening Glades were ſeen
Cloth'd in their Pride, and all their ſummer-Green:
But now ſhe's gone, tho' ſtill theſe Scenes appear,
Tho' ſtill theſe Shades and Lawns and Rills are here,
Methinks, nor theſe my Sight, nor thoſe delight
my Ear.

No more the Shades their silken Slumbers yield,
Nor can I think, the Flow'rs perfume the field;
No more the musky Zephyrs tune their Lay,
Nor whisp'ring Boughs in soft'ning Musick play;
No more soft-purling Rills from Summits flow,
Nor tinkling Drops resound in Grotts below;
No more the Lawns and opening Glades are seen
Cloth'd in their Pride, and all their Summer-Green:
The Shades, the Rills, the Lawns with me deplore,
Phœbe is dead! and *Colin* joys no more.

Come, all ye Nymphs! and all ye rural Swains!
Once the dear Partners of my oaten Strains!
(For oft' ye've heard me sing, and heard me play,
Whilst *Phœbe* tript it to the sprightly Lay.)
Come, and behold how low in Earth she's laid,
Come, and with me lament the lovely Maid;
Phœbe! the dear, sad Object of my Care!
Phœbe is dead! the faireſt of the Fair!

Then what is Life? what Joys can Being give,
Since she is gone, for whom alone, I live?
But here my Sighs shall stop, my Life shall End,
Then welcome, Death! thou only art my Friend;
Thro' this clear Stream to *Phœbe*'s Ghost I'll go,
There tell my Tale of Sorrow down below.

Then, with a Spring, he leap'd from off the Steep,
And plung'd his Soul beneath the azure Deep:
Poor, faithfull Tray, who never left his side,
Leap'd from the Bank, and with his Master dy'd.
The Nymphs and Swains beheld the Shepherd's Fate,
To the sad Stream they came, but came too late;
Struck at the Sight, they raise a doleful Cry,
The Hills, the Dales, and lonely Woods reply:
The Nymphs and Swains their fatal Loss deplore;
The vocal Stream resounds and hollow Shore,
Phœbe is dead! and *Colin* is no more.

SOLI-

SOLILOQUY

On Seeing

PHÆBE a-sleep.

YE Powers above! who guard the sleeping Fair,
Be darling *Phæbe* your peculiar Care!
Let heav'nly Visions to her Bosom flee;
Sweet be her Dreams, and all her Dreams of Me.
While thus I breath the Language of my Heart,
Within her Breast, perhaps, I share a Part:
Perhaps, ev'n now, she softens at my Woes,
Love takes her Heart, and in her Slumbers glows.
Perhaps, her Fancy now reflects with Pain,
On noble Tenders and a cold Disdain,

De

Deſcribes my Geſture, hears my ſoft-breath'd Sighs,
And paints the ſpeaking Languiſh of my Eyes:

But ah! — too much theſe fond Reflections ſeem,
Alas! I ſoon ſhall find it all a Dream;
Too ſoon alas! ſhe'll rouſe my former Pain,
Spurn at my noble Paſſion with Diſdain,
And act the pretty Tyrant o'er again.
Yet — let me here ſtand ſilent, and admire
The lovely Object of my ſoft Deſire;
'Till at laſt waken'd by my heaving Sighs,
(Which, as I gaze, within my Boſom riſe)
She warns me hence by her Deſtructive Eyes.

A LETTER From a LADY To Her HUSBAND IN SPAIN,

In her last Sickness.

See Spectat. No. 204.

DEar, lovely Man! these mournful Lines receive,
From where you left your other self to grieve;

E're

E'er this, the laſt from thy endearing Wife,
This, the laſt Efforts of an ebbing Life!
E're This to Thee, can reach the deſtin'd Shore,
Thy Wife, thy tender Wife will be no more;
And all compriz'd in that dear Name muſt end,
The Kindeſt Husband, and the trueſt Friend.

When Honour call'd, and by your King's Command,
For foreign Realms you left your native Land,
Too well you knew, what Pains my Soul oppreſs'd,
Too well you knew the Tortures of my Breaſt;
You knew, when Coughs my heaving Veſſels tore,
How all my Lungs diſtill'd a putrid Gore:
And ſoon theſe Pains, that in my Boſom rave,
Will bring me down untimely to my Grave,
For ſo Phyſicians tell me by their Skill.
(And ſure, Phyſicians would not with me Ill.)
Now even now, my vital Spirit fails,
Life now is going out, and Death prevails;

Scarce

Scarce can my fainting Heart theſe Lines indite,
Scarce can my trembling Hand ſuſtain to write,
But that fond Paſſion, which for You I bear,
Juſt lends me Strength, juſt gives me to declare,
That of the Pains, which Death ſets out to view,
The greateſt is, that I muſt part with You.

But let not This thy manly Thoughts controul,
And brood in Anguiſh o'er thy ſtedfaſt Soul;
Rather rejoyce, that my untainted Mind
Has known no Guile, in Innocence refin'd,
That no Repentance forms a late Delay,
Or ſtops my Journey to eternal Day;
But that I ſpend my lateſt Hours, intent
On thoſe dear Pleaſures of a Life well-ſpent,
On thoſe dear Pleaſures, which with Thee I've found
Pleaſures, which few can taſte in Wedlock bound;
And ever and anon Reflect with Pain,
That All ſo ſoon muſt end, and ne'er return again.

Far from believing theſe Reflections weak,
That they the Frailty of our Sex beſpeak,
I rather think, a due Reſpect they ſhew
To what has been ordain'd for Man below,
In ſhewing ſuch Unwillingneſs to leave
A State, which ſome the Curſe of Heav'n believe,
A State, which, rightly held, the greateſt Joys
can give.

Since we can tell no more of what's to come,
Than that we all ſhall once receive our Doom,
That Pious Souls in endleſs Bliſs ſhall reign,
And find, they have not ſtrove with Vice in vain,
That all the Bad ſhall view Hell's dark Abode,
And own too late the Vengeance of a God:
Since we can tell no more; why mayn't we pleaſe
The poor, departing Soul with Thoughts, like theſe,
That, tho' we're dead, and lock'd within the Tomb,
Yet the fond Spirit hovers round it's Home,

Still

Still has a Senſe of all that's done below,
Still converſant in all our Scenes of Woe;
And may, perhaps, have this for it's Employ—
To guide the Actions, and the Wants ſupply
Of thoſe, it walk'd with in the Paths of Life,
A loving Husband, or a tender Wife.
I may, perhaps, my uſual Task purſue,
And, tho' unknown, be preſent ſtill with You,
Sooth the loud Tumults of your troubled Breaſt,
And in ſoft Whiſpers lull your Soul to Reſt.
Believe me then, thou deareſt, beſt of Friends!
On whom my Thoughts, my Will, my All depends;
Nothing can ſo much Happineſs create,
As this Employment in a Future State;
Thro' the rough Tempeſts of a boiſt'rous Life,
Still to attend Thee, ſtill thy conſtant Wife;
When fierce Diſtempers rack thy groaning Soul,
And ghaſtly Viſions all thy Thoughts controul,
To cloſe thy Eye-lids in the Bands of Sleep,
And, tho' unſeen, ſit down perhaps, and weep!

To ride before thee, thy preſiding Star,
And ſhield thy Boſom from the Storms of War;
To bear Thee ſafe thro' all th' embattl'd Plain,
My ſelf unhurt, incapable of Pain:
For oft I've long'd in Battle to appear,
Fight by thy Side, and ſhake the glitt'ring Spear,
Unmindful of our Sex, it's Weakneſs, and it's Fear.

With theſe fond Thoughts my languid Heart I warm,
Theſe for a-while the fierce Diſtemper charm:
But Oh! too ſtrong my Agonies prevail,
My Soul dies in me, and my Spirits fail,
When I reflect on all that weight of Woe,
Which thy poor, trembling Soul muſt undergo
When this ſad News ſhall ſtrike thy tortur'd Ear,
And drown'd in Grief tumultuous You ſhall hear

These killing Words pronounc'd ——— thy Wife is
Dead,
And all the Pleasures of thy Life are fled:
But here I'll stop ———
Too well I know the Anguish of your Heart,
Too well I know, I touch the tender'st Part:
The more I strive to offer you Relief
By fond Reflections, and assuage your Grief;
The more the heaving Tides of Sorrow rise,
Unman your Soul, and melt your yielding Eyes,

But know, thou fondest, know, thou dearest
Friend!
Know, that e're this poor Life shall feel it's End,
To Thee dear Man! my lateſt Breath shall flee,
And the last struggling Sigh be breath'd for Thee;
For never, never must I see you more,
Soon at one Gasp this Being will be o'er:

Then

I

Then take this laſt Adieu! Farewell for Life,
But ſtill believe me

Your obedient Wife.



TO THE

NIGHTINGALE

SWeet Songſter of the Woods and Grove!
Ceaſe your melancholy Strain;
Alas too well I know, I Love,
Too ſure I feel the pleaſing Pain.
Sweet Songſter of the Woods and Grove!
Ceaſe your Strains, I know, I Love.

Go, tell the Nymph, for whom I burn,
Tell my *Phœbe* what I feel,
Tell her, 'tis for her I mourn,
All the love-ſick Tale reveal.
Sweet Songſter of the Woods and Grove!
Go, tell my *Phœbe*, how I Love.

Thou

Thou, that art the Bird of Love,
The Secret of my Soul impart;
For ſure you cannot fail to move,
With thy warbled Airs, her Heart.
Sweet Songſter of the Woods and Grove!
Tell this, and Oh! — She can't but Love.

TO A LADY ON HER PARROT.

SEE! lovely *Celia*, with what cunning Art
The little Wanton plays the Lover's Part;
Fain by his Prating would he ſhew his Love,
And all his Paſſion by his geſture prove:
Celia take Care; be not too bold, fair Maid,
Who knows, but *Jove* lies hid in Maſquerade?
Gods have their Tricks, as well as mortal Man,
And POLL's as great a Beau, as *Leda*'s Swan.

ON

ON PHÆBE.

AT *Phœbe*'s Birth, with ev'ry graceful Air
Confederate Heav'n adorn'd the lovely Fair;
Indulgent *Pallas* silver'd o'er her Tongue,
To speak with Eloquence, and die in Song,
Majestick *Juno* gave the awfull Mien,
Softness came melting from the *Cyprian* Queen:
Is there no God, who can exert his Art,
To make her Kind, and mollifie her Heart?

Ye

Ye Heav'nly Pow'rs! once more employ your Care,
Make her but kind, and render her less fair.
But hold — the Gods denie this last Request,
Lest *Venus* should be vanquish'd in the Test.

Upon seeing the OBELISK in BLENHEIM Park.

THen could not all Thoſe Monuments of Fame
Procure the Heroe an Immortal Name?
What? could not *Blenheim*'s ever-famous Plain,
And Conquer'd *Tallard* with his Thouſands ſlain
Make Him Immortal? muſt his Fame be ow'd
To what the forming Chiſel has beſtow'd?
Better had *Malbro'* met the fatal Dart,
Than been beholden to the Carver's Art.

Upon seeing a very

Beautiful LADY

MASK'D.

AND what fond Man could ever hope to find
Such matchless Goodness in the Women-kind?
All made to torture, and afflict with Pain,
All made relentless in Tyrannick Reign.
But *Sacharissa* knows she's killing Fair,
Knows, that there's Glory got, sometimes to spare,
She hates to drag a Heart about in Chains,
And make her Slave endure a Thousand Pains,
Modestly fair she veils th' unequal Blaze,
And shines serenely bright with half her Rays.

As the Sun hides his Face from mortal Sight,
And pours thro' Clouds but half his radiant Light,
Left the dry'd Flow'rs, unable to withſtand
His Beams, ſhould fade, and Earth be turn'd to Sand:
So *Sacchariſſa*, ever-charming Fair!
Makes this her dayly, her peculiar Care,
To veil her Face, and ſpare the heedleſs Boy,
Who by a fatal Look might all his Life deſtroy.

ON A Young LADY, Who accidentally fell into the RIVER.

AS *Chloe* floated down the Water,
The little Loves came paddling a'ter;
They peep'd, and they laugh'd; for they thought it had been
Their own Mother *Venus*, the beautiful Queen:
But when they found the ſad miſtake,
They help'd her out for *Venus'* ſake;
They wip'd her, and dry'd her; by her Dimples they ſwore,
That they ne'er were deceiv'd in their Mother before.

SONG.

BEhold thoſe radiant Worlds of Light,
That rowl their Orbs on high;
The Beauties of a Starry Night,
That ſtrike the dazzl'd Eye!

So many Charms young *Phœbe* has,
So many to Us riſe;
Ten thouſand deck her lovely Face,
As many more her Eyes.

Where-e'er ſhe is, her Air, her Mien
Invites the little Loves,
She walks a Goddeſs, looks a Queen.
The Pride of all the Groves!

Then

Then who can blame the am'rous Boy,
That gazes and admires?
Her very Looks create new Joy,
And fan the rising Fires.

Young *Cupid* moaps from Grove to Grove,
Disarm'd of all his Darts;
Whilst *Phœbe* reigns the Queen of Love,
And triumphs o'er our Hearts.

TWO or THREE

OR A

RECEIPT

To make a

French BEAUTY.

TWO or three Languiſhes, two or three Smiles,
With two or three Scraps of forc'd Wit be-
tween whiles:
Two or three Patches, to hide a few Spots,
Got by tipling Cold-Tea off by two or three Pots:
Two or three Stones to adorn a bare Breaſt;
With two or three Teeth, not ſo brown as the reſt.

Theſe

These toss'd up in One, that's about—fifty three,
Will make you a *Belle A-la-mode a Paris*:
I'll vow by my Soul—more than that—I can shew it,
Or never believe more the Words of a Poet.

THE English BEAUTY.

THE True-Engliſh Virgin (no ſlave to the Fa-
ſhion)
Looks as charming, as *Eve* at her Day of creation;
As ſoft is her Accent, her Senſe as refin'd,
And her Dreſs is as ſimple, and plain, as her Mind.
As Gracious, as Heav'n, as her Climate ſerene,
Like *F——ng*, her Air, and like *B——d*, her Mien.

THE Slighted SWAIN'S SONG.

FAst by a ſoft prattling Stream,
Where Willows and Oſiers do grow,
Paſtora's falſe Vows were the Theme,
Whilſt Colinet pour'd out his Woe:
The Breeze, that blew whiſp'ring along,
To the Shepherd's Complaining reply'd,
When thus the deplorable Song
Ran murmuring down with the Tide.

Was ever fond Shepherd so blest'd?
Was ever a Swain so forlorn?
As first to be fondly caress'd,
And then to be treated with Scorn:
The Turtle, that bills in the Grove,
And then is forsook by his Mate,
Was never so happy in Love,
Was never so wretched in Fate.

Look down then, false Nymph! on your Swain,
And pity a Comfortless Heart;
Look down then, but without Disdain,
And heal up a true Lover's Smart:
'Tis for You, that I rove up and down;
'Tis for You, that I mourn all the Day;
'Tis for You, that I leave the gay Town,
And in Woods rather choose for to stray.

Sweet Nightingale! witneſs my Love,
Sweet Nightingale! hear me complain;
For you are forſook in the Grove,
And treated, like me, with Diſdain:
I'll tell out my Grief to the Trees,
I'll tell it to e'ery clear Stream;
That the Rocks may ſound forth, and the Breeze
To *Paſtora* may waft off the Theme.

She forgets, how I've ſpent the long Night
Diſſolving to Reſt in her Arms;
She forgets all the Lover's Delight;
She forgets, that ſhe ever had Charms:
Ye Winds! let her know, how I love,
Let her know, what for her I can bear;
Let her know, how I live in the Grove,
And at Night how I ſigh in the Air.

And can You, falſe Nymph! be ſo hard,
As not to be mov'd at my Grief?
And can Woman have no Regard
To a Swain, who implores for Relief?
Since You won't of my Anguiſh approve,
But flight me with Frowns, I'll give o'er;
Thro' the Woods and wild Deſarts I'll rove,
And think of my Charmer no more.

L A
PENSIF.

COme Thou, fair Nymph, that doſt dwell
In the humble, rural Cell,
Come, and with thee bring along
The Goddeſs of Poetick Song:
Lay me down in pleaſing Dreams,
By the gently-rowling Streams;
Bring me to the roſy Bowers
Where the ſilken, op'ning Flowers
Waft their Odours thro' the Grove,
The ſoft *Elyſian* Joys to prove:
Now what Pleaſures have I found!
See! what Proſpects riſe around!

Tow'rs

Tow'rs and Battlements appear,
Glitt'ring Spires, and Domes from far;
Now my Eye the Structure ſees
Deep within the tufted Trees;
Now it views the wand'ring Rills
Shining bright betwixt the Hills:
O! the charming, pleaſing Sight,
Ev'ry thing brings ſweet Delight.

Oft' I lay my weary Head
On a Hillock's moſſy Bed,
All the while the forreſt rings,
Whilſt the mellow Black-Bird ſings,
Or the ſpeckle-breaſted Thruſh
Warbling from the neighbouring Buſh,
Whilſt the plaintive Turtle coos,
From the lofty Elm, his Woes.
Or the Nightingales complain
In a ſadly-pleaſing Strain.

Faſt

Faſt by, the gentle-purling Springs,
With their ſliding murmurings,
As along the Meads they creep,
Bring the downy-feather'd Sleep.
Then the whiſp'ring Woods are ſtill,
And Meditation takes her fill.

Sweet's the Evening's pure Delight,
Sweet's the Mountain's tow'ring Height;
Ruins glitter from the ſteep
Nodding o'er the wavy Deep:
Delightful ſeems the ancient Tower,
Airy Steeple, diſtant Bower;
Tufted Trees high-rais'd in Air
Pleaſe the trav'ling Eye from far.
Hark! the musky Zephyrs ſing,
Throwing odours from their Wing:
Hark! the pretty Turtles cooing,
As far within they ſit a-wooing;

Soft

Soft Complaints, and murm'ring Love
Reſound thro' all the vocal Grove.
See! the Vallies ſmooth, and low,
Rivers winding to and fro;
Leſs'ning Rocks, and Country-Farms
Embrac'd within the Wood's green Arms:
Proſpects ever-new ariſe,
And bring freſh Pleaſure to the Eyes.
Ev'ry Breeze my Senſes greets.
With wafted Odours, balmy Sweets.
See! the fragrant, damask'd Roſe,
How on yonder Buſh it glows!
What a pure, delicious Scent
Breaths from ev'ry Sylvan Plant!
All things pleaſe, of various Hue,
The yellow Dill, and Violet blew;
See! yon Bower, how it wanders
Round and round in green Mæanders;
Shades on Shades for ever bending,
Pleaſant Mazes never ending.

When the Queen of Night appears
Lacquey'd by a thouſand Stars;
Let me to the moſſy Cells,
Where heav'nly Contemplation dwells,
With Eyes up-lifted to the Sky,
Aiming to'ards Divinity.
There I'll drink with open Ears
The Muſick of the rowling Spheres;
Obſerve pale *Cynthia*'s ſilver Light,
And ev'ry Star, that gilds the Night,
Heaven looks with all her Eyes,
As the Deluge floats the Skies.
Now the Light's at diſtance ſeen
Thro' the verdant, checquer'd Scene;
Here a Ray darts thro' the Wood,
There it trembles on the Flood.
Lo! the radiant, glimm'ring Throng
Majeſtically ſwim along.

But when the Sun drives on his Road,
Flaming from his bright Abode,
How they wink with fainting Fire!
How unwilling to retire!
Emblem of the dying Man!
Glad to ſtretch his narrow Span,
Struggling with his lateſt Breath,
Till down at once he ſinks to Death.

Oft may I at early Dawn
Walk the ruſſet-mantled Lawn,
Or the painted Mead, bedight
With Daiſies, pleaſing to the Sight;
Where the Flocks and Herds do ſtray,
Bleating, nibbling all the Day.
When the Lark has juſt begun
With Carols to ſalute the Sun,
Whilſt the Sylvan Syrens ſing,
Making all the Valleys ring,

From the Hawthorn's bloomy Sprays,
Warbling out their Maker's Praiſe,
Whilſt the nimble, active Fawn
Skips and jumps adown the Lawn.
How delightful all Things look!
The dripping Rock, and ſhallow Brook,
Daiſies pide, and Violets blew,
The King-Cup, brim'd with pearly Dew.
Hard by the Plough-man's ſimple Song
Chears the tinkling Team along;
Whilſt *Cicely* with her cleanly Pale
Trips it o'er the flow'ry Dale,
To milk her Kine, who ready ſtand,
And wait her gently-ſtroking Hand.
Lo! the happy Shepherd laid
All beneath the Hedge's Shade,
Or ſideling on the Mountain's ſteep,
Pipeing to his harmleſs Sheep,
Whilſt his jolly, Country-Strains
Chear the Woods, and fill the Plains.

Hor-

Horſes neighing to their Brothers,
Lambs a-bleating for their Mothers,
Lowing Herds, devoid of Sorrow,
Calling each to each good-morrow,
Streams, that o'er the pebbles rowl,
All conſpire to tune the Soul,
With a vernal, rural Bleſſing,
With a Joy, beyond expreſſing.

When the Sun is mounted high
In middle Tower of the Skie,
And begins to dart his Beams
On the burning Plains, and Streams;
May ſome Wood-Nymph me convey
From the ſultry Heat of Day,
Thro' the Lawns, and tho' the Meads,
Whereſoe'er her Fancy leads.
To the high-embow'ring Shades,
Twilight Groves, and cooling Glades,

Where

Where Human Step was never ſeen
Tracing o'er the ſmooth-fac'd Green.
Or on ſome Romantick Mountain,
By the ſide of ſome clear Fountain,
Whoſe gelid Grotts, and prattling Streams
May bleſs me with extatick Dreams,
As they ſoftly-trickling flow
From the Hoary Mountain's Brow.
Rapt in Thought I'd lay along,
And liſten to the ſylvan Song,
Whilſt buſy Man rowls up and down
In the Beams of ſcorching Noon;
So fares it with thoſe Virtuous Few,
Who calm and pure, their Minds ſubdue,
And live their Days in Paradiſe,
Whilſt all the World's inflam'd with Vice.

Oh! would but Heaven let me have
The only, little Boon, I crame———

A ſtill Retirement by the Woods
Where faſt by run the murm'ring Floods,
A Friend, an hour or ſo to paſs
In merry Chat, and ſober Glaſs;
Nor may I want my ſole Delight,
To ſpend the ſolemn Noon of Night,
A Study furniſh'd well, to pore
The Books of ancient Sages o'er,
Unruly Paſſions to controul,
And form from Them a Virtuous Soul.
Here Quiet, heav'nly Goddeſs! dwells,
Deep within theſe humble Cells;
Far from buſy Mortal's Sight,
The Meadows are her ſole Delight,
O'er the Graſs ſhe gently treads,
O'er the Fields, and painted Meads:
Here retir'd from Noiſe and Strife,
I'd ſtrive to live the heav'nly Life;
Here I'd think on all the Great,
Plac'd on the Pinnacles of State,

Inhabiting the Houſe of Care,
And think to find true Quiet there;
In vain they ſearch, they'll never find,
She never loves the hurry'd Mind,
But far retir'd from vulgar Eyes,
Holds high Converſe with the Skies.

Come, Ye Wiſe! and dwell with Me,
We'll enjoy true Liberty:
Thro' theſe Woods we'll careleſs ſtray,
Whilſt the Blackbird tunes his Lay;
Or the lonely Nightingale
Warbles down in yonder Vale.
Here we'll live, and range at Will,
'Till Contemplation has her Fill:
And when my Thread of Life is ſpun,
Be This inſcrib'd upon my Stone.

He liv'd, as knowing he muſt die,
Had no mean Thoughts, nor yet too high;

A faithful Friend; of no great reading,
But just enough to know good Breeding;
Not servile to the Great Man's Nod,
Obey'd his King, and Fear'd his God.



N SONG

SONG.

WHat makes my tender *Phœbe* weep?
O! tell me, *Phœbe*, why:
Why thoſe bright Orbs in Sorrow ſteep?
O! wipe the flowing Eye.

Quench not that Star, that is my Guide,
O! ſpare the precious Tear:
Let not thoſe Drops increaſe the Tide,
And drown your Beauty there.

To dry thoſe Eyes in Pity chooſe,
And baniſh gloomy Night;
Your Luſtre by this Grief you looſe,
But all the World — it's Light.

A D-

ADVICE TO A FRIEND IN LOVE.

PRithee! my Boy! for once take my Advice,
I'll ſet your Matters eaſy in a Trice:
You ſeem to me unpractis'd in the Arts
Of making Love, and gaining Ladies Hearts;
As you ſet out, you e'en may ſuffer for't,
Your Ship muſt ſink, nor can you make the Port.

Women are Something rarely underſtood,
A *Jen' ſcai quoi* of Human Fleſh and Blood!
Their Hearts and Words, inconſtant as the Weather,
Like two Well-Buckets, never go together.
Their inward Thoughts by Dreſs of Words they skreen,
For what they ſay, you're ſure they never mean:
Therefore to know the meaning of their Heart,
You muſt be deeply skill'd in Love's whole Art.
I don't know much, and ſo ha'n't much to lend,
But what I have, you're welcome to, my Friend!

Then to proceed—would you obtain this Laſs?
Don't whine and pine, and look ſo like an Aſs:
Blood! do you think that Women are ſuch Tools,
As to be gain'd by ſuch damn'd, ſniv'ling Fools!
No, no, my Friend! believe me, you're miſtaken,
Their Sex know better how to ſave their Bacon:

You

You muſt have Courage, when weak Doubts invade
You,
Faint Heart, my Lad! you know, ne'er won fair
Lady.
'Tis true, would you proceed by Dint of Might,
To force the Damſel to the warm Delight,
She'd make ſome faint Reſiſtance, Squeeze and
Threat,
And foreign to her Heart a thouſand Vows repeat;
But This, I'd have you underſtand, my Boy!
Shews her Conſent to th' enſuing Joy;
But if, affraid, you leave her at this Hour,
Truſt me, you could not diſoblige her more:
For I have heard Experienc'd Authors ſay—
"They Hate us, when we're eaſily ſaid nay."

Then prithee! mark an am'rous Poet's Lays,
For Poets beſt *know* Women now a-days:
Whate'er we do, dear Woman is the End,
We ſing to Beauty, and to Beauty bend.

If

If then you find the *pretty Thing* alone,
Throw off your pining Looks, and whining Tone,
Make a bold Push, and, trust me! All's your Own.

THE

THE QUESTION TO PHÆBE.

SAY, *Phœbe*! say, did e'er thy Boſom prove
The ſoft Delights, and pleaſing Pangs of Love?
Say, did thy tender Breaſt e'er feel a Pain,
Beyond whate'er thy cunning Sex can feign?
Does any Youth, of blooming Charms poſſeſs'd,
Thy yielding Thoughts engage, and break thy Reſt?

Then

Then tell me, *Phœbe*! prithee! tell me true,
And point the *pretty Charmer* out to View.

† From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For if you don't *Confeſs*, you do not Love.

When abſent from your Sight one long long Day,
Does not your heaving Boſom chide his Stay?
Do not you wiſh to go where-e'er he goes,
And fondly ſhare a Part in all he does?
Is not your Soul with Jealous Doubts oppreſs'd,
Leſt ſome more happy Fair ſhould gain his Breaſt?
Do not you long to claſp the lovely Boy,
Would Modeſty diſpenſe with *ſuch* a Joy?

From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For if you are not *Fond*, you do not Love.

---

† Theſe 2 Lines are taken from Mr. *Amhurſt*'s Teſt of Love.

When

When your fond Eyes his ſev'ral Beauties ſcan,
Do not you think him (more than Others can)
The moſt enchanting, dear-bewitching Man—
The gracefulſt Youth, you ever yet have ſeen,
Like *Jove* his Grandeur and like *Mars* his Mien?
Do not you think ſome ſecret Charm attends
Whate'er he does, and all his Actions mends?
When in the Dance the comely Youth appears,
Does Muſick *then* ſo ſweetly ſooth your Ears?
Does not his Preſence ſet your Soul on Fire?
Do not your Eyes his ev'ry Grace admire?
The Step, the nimble Trip, genteel Advance,
And all the Meaſures of the well-tim'd Dance?

From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For if you don't *Admire*, you do not Love.

When unawares the Charmer ſteals a Kiſs,
Do not you chide him for the raviſh'd Bliſs,
Call him *Rude Thing*, yet think it not amiſs?

O When-

Whene'er he toying calls you *Pretty Laſs*,
And throws you wantonly upon the Graſs,
Do not you *vow* you'll ſee his Face no more,
Yet ſoftly ſay—he knows my Meaning ſure?
For Threats, when in the Female Sex diſplay'd,
Are certain Tokens of a Willing Maid.

From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For if you ben't *in Jeſt*, you do not Love.

Do not you make it your Peculiar Care,
To mend your Charms, and make you ſtill more fair?
To raiſe your Beauty to a ſweet Surpriſe,
Still to appear more Charming in his Eyes?
Do not you oft' correct each alter'd Grace,
And think, this Patch becomes juſt ſuch a Place,
Then vow—it can't be better ſtuck in all the Face?
Do not you try your Geſtures at your Glaſs,
Trip nimbly back, come forward, paſs, repaſs,
Then *ſolemnly proteſt*—you are a handſome Laſs?

From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For if you are not *Proud*, you do not Love.

When Night's dark Shades the drowſy World inveſt,
Don't pleaſing Viſions fill your yielding Breaſt?
Don't the Dear Youth preſent himſelf in Dreams,
Whilſt All, like Life, a real Action ſeems?
Don't you then give a Looſe to all thoſe Joys,
Which, when awake, your Modeſty deſtroys?
Do not you think you claſp his heav'nly Charms,
Whilſt glowing Beauty all your Boſom warms,
Then, waking, find alas! the Pillow in your Arms?

From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
If you don't *dream of Him*, you do not Love.

Whene'er to other Nymphs he deals a Kiſs,
But paſſes you, don't you take *that* amiſs?

(For oft' our Sex, unwilling to declare
Their Love in *publick*, baulk their Bosom-Fair.)
Whene'er he plays another Ladies Fan,
Tips an arch Wink, or trifles with her Hand,
Does not strong Jealousy exert it's Force,
And don't you wish, he mayn't do *Somewhat Worse*?

From hence a real Passion you may prove,
For if you're Jealous, 'tis a Sign you Love.

When drooping Griefs his pensive Soul oppress,
Do drooping Griefs torment your Bosom less?
When, wrapt in Thought, he seems cast down with Care,
Don't your sad Thoughts an equal Burden share?
But when gay Pleasure fills his sprightly Mind,
Does not your Heart the self-same Pleasure find?
Does not your Breast observe a Kindred-Part,
And act in Concert with the Charmer's Heart?

From

From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For if you *Sympathize*, you truely Love.

When on the Bed of Sickneſs he is laid,
Do not you wiſh to lend a friendly Aid?
Do not you Pity, when his Soul complains,
And ſigh, and long to bear his raging Pains?
Do not you wiſh to lull the Boy to reſt,
On the ſoft Pillow of your downy Breaſt?
But—hard you think it is, that you muſt bend
To Cuſtom and your Sex, nor be his Friend,
But muſt denie that Aid, which *Nature* bids you lend.

From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For *Pity* ever was the Child of Love.

Say, *Phabe*! ſay, are theſe fond Queries true?
Are all theſe Symptoms to be found in You?

Sincere

Sincere now tell me, has thy tender Breaſt
Theſe glowing Signs of artleſs Love confeſs'd?
If then 'tis ſo, e'en name the happy Boy,
Nor let vain Doubts the genial Hour deſtroy:
For if your *Thoughts* a real Paſſion prove,
Believe me, *Phebe!* 'tis no Crime to Love.

A

Hunting-SONG.

HArk! hark! the ſhrill Horn
Rouſes up the dull Morn,
And merrily calls us away,
No more let us ſteep
Our Senſes in Sleep.
But to Hunting devote the new Day.

Tan-Twivee.

Whilſt

Whilſt the Greenwood reſounds
With the Cries of the Hounds,
And the Hallooing of Sportſmen ſo clear,
A Fig for your Court!
There's Nothing of Sport
With Hunting the Fox can compare.

Tan-Twivee.

Hunting-SONG.

Let Dotards and Fools,
And ſuch heavy Tools,
Keep the Pillow cloſe under their Head,
Whilſt the Morn from her Height
Looks with Shame on the Sight,
And bluſhes to ſee 'em a-bed.

Tan-Twivee.

'Tis Hunting inſpires,
Freſh Health and freſh Fires,
For ſweet is the Breath of the Morn:
Then a Fig for dull Cares,
And all State-Affairs,
We'll follow the Hounds and the Horn.

Tan-Twivee.

EPIGRAM
ON
MARRIAGE.

IF 'tis to Marry, when the Knot is ty'd,
Why then they marry, who at Tyburn ride;
And if that Knot, 'till Death, is loos'd by None,
Why then to Marry and be Hang'd's all One.

ANOTHER.

HAD I been *Adam* I'd have had no Wife,
Believe me, 'tis the wretchedst State in Life:
I'd sooner twenty broken *Ribs* abide,
Than e'er have *One* transform'd into a Bride.

THE

THE DECISION.

IT has long been a Thing of Diſpute about Town,
Whether *O——d* or *C——ge* was firſt in Renown;
The latter thus argue the Caſe, and thus prove it—
(Nor can we *O——ns* pretend to remove it)
That Thing muſt be Oldeſt, 'tis granted by all,
Which is neareſt *Decay*, and moſt likely to *fall*;
Now it plainly appears, that was *C——ge* the Youngeſt,
Like *O——d* 'twould flouriſh, and ſtill be the Strongeſt,

But alas! 'tis not ſo—and the old Proverbs ſay—
Each Thing has it's Turn. E'ery Dog has his Day.
Therefore *O——d*, averſe to Diſputes of this Nature,
Submit to *Right Reaſon*, and give up the Matter.

SONG.

THO' *Phœbe*, 'tis true, is a good pretty Laſs,
Yet I'll never ſtand whining, and look like an Aſs;
Tho' *She* does not love me, I'll never run mad,
There are more pretty Girls in the World to be had:
For why ſhould I thus be a ſlave to her Mind,
When by all my Subjection She'll never be kind?
In ſhort—I'm reſolv'd, if ſhe's peeviſh and croſs,
I'll e'en be ſo too, whatſoe'er be the Loſs;
But if She's Good-natur'd, and Civil withal,
Why I ſhould be croſs, there's no Reaſon at all:
So I'll e'en be as Civil, and give her a Kiſs,
Then pray, tell me, Ladies! can this be amiſs?

EPI-

EPIGRAM ON WOMAN.

LOng have Philoſophers ſtrove all in vain,
Perpetual Motion by their Art t'obtain,
Why ſure Philoſophers have all been blind,
'Tis always to be found in Woman-kind.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

Imitated From *REN. RAPIN.*

HAppy Insect! that dost lay
Couch'd beneath the verdant Blade,
dly singing all the Day,
Thro' the cooling, silent Shade.

Whether, perch'd on Flow'rs, you sip
Pearly Drops of dewy Rain,
Or delight'st to hop and skip
O'er the waving, grassy Plain.

Whe-

Whether singing you rejoyce
The gentle-whistling Reeds among,
Or excell the Shepherd's Voice,
Whom you challenge by your Song.

Whether by the Brooks, you chear,
With your pretty, chirping Lay,
The tired Swain, or lab'ring Steer,
In the sultry Heat of Day.

Whether Heaven min'string Sheds
Dewy Food in nectar Showers,
Or adorns your verdant Bed
With pearly Gems and fragrant Flowers.

Little Tenant of the Field,
Be propitious to my Theme,
Who, in Love to you, will build
A Temple of Immortal Fame.

A lasting Monument I'll make,
Not of Stone, that soon decays,
The soft-complaining Lyre I'll take,
And warble out in Verse your Praise;
Of you I first learnt how to sing,
And make the Woodland Ecchoes ring.

A

FRAGMENT

OF

PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Addreſs'd to

PHÆBE.

GOds! what a Luſtre ſparkles from thy Eyes,
Bright, as their Kindred Orbs, that gild the Skies!
Thy Neck breaths Roſes; nor does Gold appear
Half ſo refulgent as thy burniſh'd Hair:

Thy

Thy honied Mouth, like pure Vermilion glows,
Sweet as the Hive, and purple as the Roſe:
With a faint Bluſh thy ſwelling Breaſts are ſpread,
Nicely diſpos'd between a White and Red:
Thy Sexes Charms are all compriz'd in One,
Venus may bluſh to ſee herſelf out-done:
Thy ſlender Fingers and well-poliſh'd Arms,
Fix'd at the Work, diſplay their graceful Charms;
As thro' the Loom they draw the running Clue,
And quick, with Art the ſilken Task purſue.
Soft are thy Feet, too delicately made,
On rugged Paths and ſtony Ways to tread;
Gently ah! gently walk the treach'rous Ground,
Leaſt the harſh Stone thy tender Feet ſhould wound.

As o'er your Kindred-Lillies, ſoft you tread,
Your Kindred-Lillies lift their Virgin-Head;
Nor do your Footſteps, as you lightly paſs,
Beat down th' unbending Herb, or flatt the riſing Graſs.

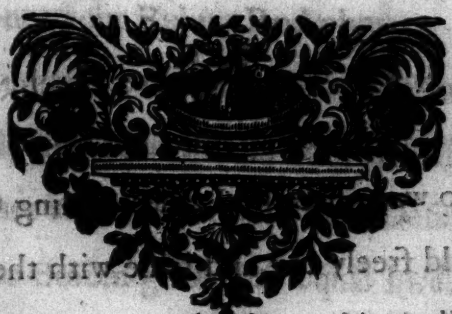
Let other Nymphs, to ſlaviſh Faſhion born,
With pendant Gems their ſparkling Necks adorn;
With precious Stones let Others grace their Hair,
And deck with Pride, what Nature made leſs fair:
Tho' ſtrip'd and ſpoil'd of all your gaudy Dreſs,
You pleaſe the Same, nor can you pleaſe us leſs:
Beauty in Trappings leſſens at the Teſt;
A naked Beauty is eſteem'd the Beſt.

Sure none was ever form'd to warm the Heart,
With nice exactneſs in each lovely Part,
But Thee, in Thee alone with vaſt Surprife
All Charms united meet the dazzled Eyes;
(Might we behold what we are forc'd to Shun,
For oh! by one dear Look we are undone.

When *Phœbe* ſings, methinks, the *Siren* Throng
Huſh their own Notes, and bleſs th' inchanting Song
Charm'd into Senſe, the liſtning *Nine* admire,
And own her Voice excells the breathing Lyre:

In Rapture loſt, I hearken'd to the Sound,
But little thought, thoſe tender Notes could wound,
But ah! too ſoon I feel the dear Deceit,
Too ſoon alas! I taſte the Bitter Sweet:
Each melting Air my yielding Soul diſarms,
And Lo! I fall a Conqueſt to her Charms.

OT



Her,

Hor. Ode 26. Book 3.

IMITATED.

TO

VENUS.

I, Who was once the Ladies darling Care,
Could freely toy and trifle with the Fair;
Who fondly lov'd, and liv'd the am'rous Day,
In wanton Pleaſures driving Care away;
Low ſunk in Years, and grown infirm with Age,
Muſt now retire, and quit the youthful Stage:
No more to Love I tune my warbling Lyre,
No more my Boſom feels it's wonted Fire.

High

High on the Walls of *Venus* ſacred Shrine,
I'll hang my Lyre, and all my Arms reſign;
My uſeleſs Scaling-Ropes I'll uſe no more,
Nor ſturdy Clubs to burſt the faſten'd Door.

But oh! may You, Auſpicious Queen of Love!
Guardian of *Memphis*! and the *Cyprian* Grove!
May You but once exert your Sov'reign Sway,
Make *Chloe* once your Ruling-Rod obey,
Chloe! that ſlights the Courteous Lover's Pain,
And haughtily looks down with cold Diſdain;
Oh! pierce her tender Soul with fond Deſire,
And make her Boſom glow with equal Fire.

Hor. Ode 15. Book 3.

TO

CHLORIS.

PRithee! *Chloris*! leave these Toys,
This Hank'ring after Youthful Joys;
Why sure you can't much longer hold,
For *Sev'nty Two* is pretty old.
And here you joyn the Young and Gay,
At ev'ry Op'ra, Ball and Play,
Your grey Hairs trim'd with *Brussells* Lace,
And purchas'd Beauty for your Face.
Believe me, it does not look well
In *You*, tho' 'twould become *Miss Bell*,

Miss

Miſs Bell has Charms, but you have None,
Not one, that you can call your Own;
She has a Licenſe to be dreſs'd,
To be Gallanted and Careſs'd:
Her nat'ral Beauty gains more Hearts,
Than all your Cheats and purchas'd Arts.
Come, take your Diſtaff and retire,
And leave to *Miſs* the warbling Lyre:
You muſt not think the Night to paſs
With am'rous Talk, and flowing Glaſs;
And then a Spark to lead you Home,
No, *Chloris*! go and mind your Loom.

ON THE DEATH OF A MONKEY.

POor *Pug* is dead! the briskeſt Thing on Earth,
Harmleſs and kind, but wanton from his Birth:
Grave was his Look, and Politick his Mien,
Eaſy and Gay, a Stranger to the Spleen!
No State-Affairs diſturb'd his downy Reſt,
Nor Party-Zeal rais'd Tumults in his Breaſt:
Perhaps, he griev'd Himſelf to Death to ſee
So many *Brother-Apes* preferr'd, and He
Left here behind, in ſuch a low Degree.

ON

On Seeing the PICTURE OF *DUNS SCOTUS* In the PRINTING-HOUSE at *OXFORD*, Very Fresh and Good.

WOrn out with Study, and deform'd by Years,
Scotus the Same, as when alive, appears:
His serious Brow still holds it's antient Grace,
Nor is one † Maggot added to his Face.

† It's reported, he studied so hard that the Maggots wore holes in his Face.

Egregious Artiſt! well didſt thou contrive
To make inanimated Canvaſs live;
The very Moths fly back with pale Affright,
And Grubs, ſworn Foes to Pictures! ſhun the Sight:
No more th'intruding Swarm diſturb his Dream,
Molèſt his Studies, or perplex his Schemes,
Shock'd at the *poring Sage*, they quit the Frame,
And leave the Great *Duns Scotus* ſtill the *Same*.

THE

THE Lover's WISH.

YE righteous Pow'rs! who fill the Thrones above,
Since cruel *Phœbe* ſcorns my proffer'd Love;
Be *this* my Fate, be *this* my happy End,
(That *Phœbe* once may know, ſhe loſt a Loving Friend.)

Soft on her panting *Beauties* let me lay,
And ſweetly look and languiſh Life away;
Then fix'd for Death, I'll act the *Roman*'s Part,
And plunge the friendly Dagger to my Heart:
And as the Crimſon Life flows trickling down,
May tuneful Artiſts my laſt Moments crown;

May

May all their Harps in ſofteſt Muſick joyn,
To wake my Soul, and lift it all Divine.
And now methinks, I lie
On *Phœbe*'s panting Breaſt,
My Soul begins to die,
And ſoon will be at Reſt:
Hark! the ſpeaking Strings complain
In a dying, dying Strain.
Lo! I ſtrike the trueſt Heart;
Now, *Phœbe*! You and I muſt Part,
Never to meet,
Never to meet,
(Thoſe Words my tender Boſom tore)
Phœbe! we muſt meet no more;
Then hugg me cloſer to your Breaſt,
For now and only now I'm bleſs'd.

Now let the ſofteſt Muſick play,
For Oh! I feel my Life decay:

Hark!

Hark! the ſweetly-warbled Airs
Sooth my Pains and lull my Cares;
Then, *Phœbe*! take this laſt Adieu!
For now I muſt—will Part with You.
Oh! come ſome Angel down,
And guide me to my Home;
For now the Streams of Life decay,
Death admits of no Delay:
All trembling on the Brink I ſtand,
My Soul beholds her Native Land,
Phœbe! adieu! it will not ſtay,
It flitts, it ſtarts, 'tis gone away.

OCCA-

OCCASION'D

By Hearing the

NIGHTINGALE

AT

MIDNIGHT.

'TIS Midnight all; now ſacred Silence reigns,
And breaths an awful Horrour o'er the Plains;
No Noiſe is heard, ſave the low-murm'ring Breeze,
Whilſt *Zephyr* faintly ſighs amongſt the Trees;
The Charmers of the Grove, with Sleep oppreſs'd,
Their little Loves forgot, are all remov'd to Reſt:
And now the prudent Nightingale eſſays
In trilling Notes to chaunt her *Maker*'s Praiſe,

All

All unmoleſted by the feather'd Throng,
She ſits and ſings alone, whilſt Heav'n approves the Song:
Her ſoft-breath'd Muſick, and inchanting Strains
Call out the liſt'ning Stars, and fill the lonely Plains.

Now, O my Soul! break forth in Songs of Praiſe,
And lift thy Anthems equal to her Lays:
Whilſt Others, loſt to Life, their Senſes ſteep,
Dull and unthinking, in the Dews of Sleep,
Do thou, like her, thy grateful Tribute bring,
In midnight Carols chaunt the heav'nly King,
And ſing th' *Eternal*'s Praiſe, who gave thee firſt to ſing.

CONTENT

Content's a Crown, that ſeldom Kings enjoy.
Shak. Hen. 6.

HAppy the Man! who all *Himſelf* enjoys,
Whom his own Mind regales, but never cloys;
Who lives his Life, accountable to none,
To none indebted, but to God alone;
Whoſe eaſy Soul no Worldly Luſt enſlaves,
And Nothing wants, becauſe he Nothing craves.
But whence muſt this full Stream of Pleaſure flow?
Does it's Spring riſe from Equipage and Show?
Miſtaken All! who climb the Tow'rs of State,
And to be wretched, covet to be Great:

The

The Halcyon, *Peace*, in Courts ne'er builds her Neſt,
State's but a *Golden Sorrow* at the Beſt;
Where ſtern Ambition and Gigantick Pride,
Make Church-men quarrel and ſworn Friends divide.

Where then can this Seraphick Goddeſs dwell?
Methinks, I ſee her in the midnight Cell;
Methinks, I hear her whiſper from the Woods,
And Lo! ſhe beckons from the ſilver Floods;
Fir'd at the gentle Signal, I'll retreat
Far from the Follies of the *Wretched Great*,
Where no rude Paſſions ſhall my Boſom move,
Save thoſe dear, beſt of Paſſions, *Poetry* and *Love*.

Hail! happy Grove! hail! venerable Wood!
Thou, that canſt teach us to be Wiſe and Good!
Ye Sceptred Slaves! and gilded Cares! Farewel!
Here, ye Good Gods! for ever let me dwell.
Where I may view, as from ſome Mountain's Brow,
The Golden Mis'ries of the World below:

Where from on high I may behold ſecure
The loud Sea-Wave, that ſtrikes the rocky Shore,
And hear, unmov'd, the far-off Tempeſt roar.



THE

THE DREAM.

THE Sun was ſet; and now th' expected Breeze
Sigh'd in low murmurs thro' the waving Trees:
Deep in the ſilent Grove I chanc'd to ſtray,
And in delightful Mazes loſt my Way;
Sweet through the Copſe the *Sylvan Syrens* ſung,
And all the liſt'ning Vales with Ecchoes rung;
The Turtle ſat, emboſom'd in the Grove,
And ſorrowfully coo'd his abſent *Love*.
Fatigu'd with rambling down my ſelf I laid,
And ſtretch'd my weary Limbs beneath the Shade;
Faſt by, the Murmurs of a rowling Stream
My Eyelids clos'd, and gave this pleaſing Dream:

When

When Lo! great *Milton's Shade* ſtood at my Head,
To whom I riſing bow'd, methought, and ſaid:

Say, mighty Poet! ſay, what grand Affair?
What Cauſe has brought Thee to this upper Air?
Say, didſt thou come to ſtring my humble Lyre,
And fill my Soul with all thy ſacred Fire?
To make her boldly riſe, and ſoar away
Far to the Realms of everlaſting Day,
To paint new Wars, to ſing of new Alarms,
And ſet once more th' *Omnipotent in Arms*?
Or didſt thou come, before it was too late,
To warn my Soul of ſome impending Fate?
I ended here; when from the Heav'nly Man
Theſe Accents fell, and thus the *Shade* began:

Adventrous Youth! and will you ſtill perſiſt
To ſcribble on in the *Poetick Liſt*?
And what can no Misfortunes cool your Fire?
Not empty Pockets ſtill your reſtleſs Lyre?

Can no Example make you e're give o'er?
You don't conſider that you're always poor:
Do but reflect upon the *Grecian Bard*?
See! how he liv'd and di'd without Regard;
He darkling ſung, and trudg'd about in vain,
No *Silver Bounty* to reward his Pain.
Be then adviſ'd by me, leave off in Time
This paltry Way of Life, this ſcribling *Rhime*;
Or elſe, go ſing the Product of your Head,
And e'en be forc'd to beg your Daily Bread.
Poets are always laviſh of their Store,
To day they ſpend, to morrow write for more;
Nor can you bring one ſingle Line to ſhew it,
Where *Rich* is made an Epithet for *Poet*.
†*Plutus* did ever *Phœbus* Thoughts employ,
But *Plutus*, like his *Daphne*, ſtill was *coy*.
We read, "the Muſes all are *Virgins* yet,
And may be ſo, 'till they can Portions get."

† He was God of Riches.

Poets

Poets by *Verſe* muſt *raiſe up* Houſe and Wall,
Or *now a-days* muſt have no Houſe at all.
Was I to breath the upper Air agen,
I'd never handle the Poetick Pen;
I'd ſooner follow Duſt-Carts in the Street,
Or live, unknown, in ſome obſcure Retreat,
Than thus be forc'd to proſtitute my Head
To *Great-Men's* Humours and a Piece of Bread;
For ſtill the *Poet lives*, altho' the *Man* is *Dead*.

But tho' your Heart is fix'd upon the Trade,
Charm'd with a *Grott*, or *ſoft-inſpiring Shade*;
Yet don't rely upon your toiling Brains,
And think to live by your Poetick Gains:
It can't be done; you better would adjoyn
Some *Benefice*, to eaſe the lab'ring *Nine*;
Or have ſome *Birchen Scepter* at command,
Greater, if poſſible, than *G—Hi—ge* or *F——d*.
'Tis hard, when Want muſt all your Muſe controul
And *preſs* the daily Labours from your Soul,

Poets

Whe

When for Subſiſtance you are forc'd to write,
Riſe with the Morning Sun, and drudge 'till Night.
Come then, fond Youth! lay all your Arms aſide,
Throw off Ambition, and this early Pride:
'Tis not for you, to ſoar up into Fame,
And get your Works an everlaſting Name.

With that, methought, he lifted me on high,
And bore me upwards thro' the azure Skie;
Wafted by Winds I heard, or ſeem'd to hear,
Aerial Muſick die upon my Ear:
Nearer and nearer yet the Heav'nly Sound
Gain'd on my Senſe, and fill'd the Region round.
I look'd, and ſaw rais'd high amid the Air,
A mighty Structure, beautiful and fair;
High on the Hill, with ev'ry Virtue bleſs'd,
Congreve was plac'd, who ſeem'd to call the Reſt:
A Scepter, graceful, in his Hand he ſway'd,
And radiant Sun-beams round his Temples play'd.

Beneath the Hill, a ſpacious Plain was ſeen,
With Groves and ſhady Bowers ever-green:
High on the Battlements I took my ſtand,
My friendly Guide ſtill held me by my Hand.
Look down, ſays he, upon yon crowded Plain,
Obſerve thoſe Bards, a poor, unhappy Train!

Now all at once ſtrove up the ſteep Aſcent,
Then down again with fruitleſs Labour ſpent:
But ſome there were in native Vigour ſtrong,
Who gain'd the Hill, and boldly preſs'd along;
I look'd, and ſtreight I ſaw, ſupreme of theſe,
Pope roving penſive, deep among the Trees;
'Till *Homer*, in full Majeſty array'd,
Beckon'd the Bard, and bid him leave the Shade:
Then from the Dome a Trumpet ſounded loud,
The Poet heard, and left the ſtruggling Croud,
Swift up the Steep with nimble Speed he flew;
Thrice he addreſs'd the *Shade*, and thrice the Trum-
pets blew.

But who is He? what blooming Youth is there?
'Tis *Pattiſon*, the Muſes darling Care!
I ſaw him ruſh adventrous from the Throng,
Riſe on the Hill, and bravely puſh along;
When ah!—unhappy Youth! in mid Career
He drop'd down breathleſs, drop'd without a Peer.
As he lay ſtrugling in the Pangs of Death,
Fame bid the Trumpets raiſe their ſtrongeſt Breath.
Wide o'er the World the length'ning Blaſts reſound,
The Heaven's vaulted Roofs re-ecchoe all around;
Slow and more ſlow the diſtant Notes decay,
'Till all at once they trembling die away.

Low, wondrous low, I ſaw a num'rous Train.
Part on the Hill, part muſing o'er the Plain;
Some, pleas'd with *Shades*, and *ever-murm'ring Streams*,
Were *gently-warbling* out their ſofteſt Themes;
Thinking, perhaps, of riſing into Fame,
And *ſometime* gaining an Immortal Name.

High-seated in the Temple, I beheld
All, who in Arts and Sciences excell'd.
First *Socrates*, the wise, *Athenian* Sage!
And *Plato*, Glory of the wondring Age!
Timoleon Brave, and *Aristides Just*,
With Godlike *Cato*, steddy to his Trust!
Newton sat pensive with uplifted Eye,
Still fix'd on Heav'n, still measuring the Skie.
Tully and *Lock* shon forth with equal Rays,
Immortal Worthies! born in better Days!
I look'd agen, and saw the Laurel'd Train
Of Bards Triumphant, of a brighter Vein:
High in the Dome the *Roman Bard* I spy'd,
With awful *Dryden* seated by his Side.
Spencer and *Cowley* next advanc'd to Sight,
With *Chaucer*, breaking thro' the Shades of Night.
Next I beheld great *Addison* and *Prior*,
And *Waller*, leaning on his sacred *Lyre*:

Phillips

Phillips came on, but made a ſudden Stand,
(Long Scrolls of Paper waving in his Hand)
When firſt he ſpy'd *his Milton* thro' the Croud,
He ſtop'd with Reverence, and lowly bow'd.

My Guide was leading me, to ſee the Name
Of ev'ry future Purchaſer of Fame;
But now the Birds proclaim'd the Morning Ray,
And riſing *Phœbus* chas'd the Shades away:
Starting from Sleep, I look'd with vaſt Surprize,
And hardly could believe my waking Eyes;
I gaz'd around, and view'd the running Stream,
And Curs'd the fleeting Pleaſures of a Dream.

Might I but have theſe Viſions e'ery Night,
I'd never wiſh to ſee returning Light.

UPON AN Ugly FELLOW,

Who thought Himself HANDSOME, Becauſe the GIRLS gaz'd UPON HIM So much.

POor *Jack's* of late grown
The Talk of the Town,
The mereſt *Self-Dotard* in Faſhion;
From a *Sloven* turns *Smart*,
And thinks from his Heart,
He's the Handſomeſt Man in the Nation.

If a Girl does but place
Her Eyes on his Face,
In order her Laughter to move;
The Fool ſeems in Anguiſh,
Looks aſide with a Languiſh,
And concludes the poor Girl is *in Love*.

Come, *Jack*! then attend,
I ſpeak as a Friend,
Prithee! never look out with that View:
Don't think to prevail,
Where a Thouſand may fail,
Perhaps, ten Times as *Pretty* as You.

Should You think e'ery *Miſs*
In Love with that *Phyz*,
Who looks at You, as I may do now;
E'en think you're a Bait,
And enjoy your Conceit,
By my Soul! you'll have *Lovers* enough.

SONG

SONG.

TO

PHÆBE.

HOW can you, *Phæbe*! hear me Sigh,
And thus denie me Reſt?
Oh! kindly think you ſee me die,
And hugg me to your Breaſt.
Believe me, you miſtake the End,
Love was not made for This;
Oh! then ſome friendly Pity ſend,
And bid my Anguiſh ceaſe:

Thoſe dimply Cheeks were made to ſmile,
Thoſe melting Eyes to move,
Thoſe balmy Lips to talk the while,
To talk of what—but Love?
Thoſe lovely Brows for Clemency,
Where Beauty ſits confeſs'd;
That ſlender Waſte was made to be——
Oh! let me gueſs the Reſt.
Thus ev'ry Thing was exquiſite,
And for good Uſe deſign'd;
The Sun and Moon to give their Light,
And *Woman* to be *Kind*.

A SERIOUS MEDITATION

Upon a Pair of broken BELLOWS.

Heu! deficit Alter. Virg. Æneid. 6.

——————It muſt be ſo;
And all things in their turn muſt go:
We daily ſee great Structures fall,
For *Time*, that *Monſter*! ruins all.
What tho' my Bellows are decay'd?
It is but having Others made;
This World it ſelf muſt melt away,
And *go to Pot* as well as they;

But then we are to have Another,
Then why this dev'liſh Rout and Pother?

But yet—I grieve when I'm alone,
To think what Service they have done;
How often with their lab'ring Breath,
When all my Limbs were cold as Death,
Have they inſpir'd the vital Heat,
And taught my lagging Pulſe to beat!
How often rais'd the drooping Wing,
Aud bid the *Muſes*, when to ſing!
But when they come to grow in Years,
(As by their *Wheezing* oft' appears)
When all their Breath was almoſt ſpent,
By Art I ſtop'd the narrow Vent:
How oft' the burſten Wind-pipe round,
Has honeſt Hankerchief been bound!
(For when a Thing is almoſt ended,
I ſet my Wits to work to mend it)

But ſtill my Art and daily Pain,
I found at laſt, was all in vain:
I blow'd and cobbled, well, what then?
Why then I blow'd and cobbled agen:
Old *Time* work'd on as faſt as me,
Both ſtriving for Priority;
But faſt as I could bind and mend 'em,
His ſharp, devouring Teeth would rend 'em:
At laſt th' important Day was come,
Big with my poor Bellows Doom.

'Twas on one bleak and windy Day,
When *Sol* gave not one ſingle Ray,
As in my Garret high I ſat,
Muſing upon I know not what:
My Cat began to raiſe her Voice,
And make a damn'd, confounded Noiſe;
With that, I threw my Bellows at her,
But little thought what was the Matter,

It was in time of Need she squawl'd,
A Time! her Master oft has call'd,
But call'd in vain—and so did She,
Why mayn't She want as well as Me?
However, now the Time was come,
Design'd by Fate's unalter'd Doom;
It was in this unlucky Fall,
They *breath'd* their Last, my Cat and all:
And now my Cat and Bellows gone,
Ye Gods! I'm utterly undone.

Alas! alas! what must I do?
My Bellows broke! and no *Pecu.*
And if I had——
'Twould be so small, I could not spare
Enough, to buy another Pair.
Had I my Bellows but again,
Or could I my lost Cash regain!
'Tis hard, that both should go together,
And I am destitute of Either:

But why do I my Loſs deplore?
Who knows? in Time I may have more;
Who knows, what *Providente* may ſend?
The *Righteous Man's* unſhaken Friend!
Then hey! for jolly, rouſing Fires,
And bottled *Ale*, that *Wit* inſpires,
With ſtrong Perfumes from *Indian Weed*:
But faith! 'tis *now* a Time of Need.

EPIGRAM
ON A
MISER.

OLD *Gripus*, who knows not his Wealth to employ,
Locks it up very safe in his Chest:
So Eunuchs, not able the Fair to Enjoy,
Are known to *protect* 'em the Best.

EPIGRAM
ON A
POSITIVE DISPUTANT,
Who was always in the Wrong.

TOM *Hold-fast* and *Sampſon* are equal in Fame,
Alike are their Conqueſts, their Weapons the ſame:
For *Both* (we may ſay) can their *Thouſands* ſurpaſs,
By thoſe powerful Arms —— the *Jaw-bone of an Aſs*

A TALE.

THE wanton *Loves* one Holyday,
Contriv'd to get a little Play;
Mamma was visiting in Heaven,
And now it wa'n't much more than *Seven*:
To *Celia*'s Lodgings down they come,
And found the tender Nymph at Home:
In flew the Urchins, quick as Light,
And took their Fill of gay Delight;
The Nymph they minded all the while,
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

They laugh'd and flutter'd up and down,
And leap'd and danc'd about her Gown;
Now bolder grown One upwards skips,
And perches on her balmy Lips;
Then all, enamour'd with her Face,
Crouded hard to get a Place.
Another with the *Debonair*
Flew up, and ſwung upon her Hair:
All perch'd about the matchleſs Dame,
And titt'ring play'd their wanton Game;
But One, endeav'ring with the Reſt,
To gain the Chin, into her Breaſt
Fell down; the other little Croud,
That ſat above, laugh'd out aloud;
The *Fallen Cupid* minded none,
But now recover'd, bolder grown,
Cry'd—ſure you're on the merry Pin,
But, pray, let Others laugh, that win;
I fancy, there's None of you All,
But would be glad of ſuch a *Fall*.

SONNET

Imitated From SPENCER.

CHloe's as *cold* as Ice, all Day,
And I ſtill *burn* like Fire;
Why don't her *Coldneſs melt* away
Before my *warm* Deſire?

Or why is not my fervent *Blaze*
Check'd by her *chilling* Ice;
But I grow *hotter*, as I gaze,
The *Flames* much ſtronger riſe.

Strange! that by Fire, which *ſoftens* all,
More *Hardneſs* Ice ſhould take,
And Ice, where-e'er it chance to fall,
A ſudden *Flame* ſhould make.

But ſuch is *Love*'s prevailing Force,
In ev'ry gentle Mind;
It alters all whole *Nature*'s Courſe,
And rules in ev'ry Kind.

EPI-

EPIGRAM

ON A BLIND MAN *In Love* with a FINE LADY.

SIR. *Foplin*'s blind, yet feels the Lover's Smart,
'Tis hard indeed to loose both *Eyes* and *Heart*:
But does he think to keep so rich a Prize,
When *Argus* fail'd, who had a hundred Eyes?
Come, come, Sr. *Foplin*! either loose your Chain,
Or else go, get a Brace of Eyes again.

THE

THE Simple MAID.

Louzelinda one Day, as she lay on the Plain,
Was surpris'd in her Breast with a tickling Pain,
She had often heard talk of a *Season*
Of Pressing,
Caressing,
Of Hugging and Sighing,
Of Melting and Dying,
But never knew what was the *Reason*.

As *Bumkinet* chanc'd to be stroling that Way,
He tumbl'd and towzl'd the Lass as she lay,

And told her that this was the *Season*

Of Preſſing,

Careſſing,

Of Hugging and Sighing,

Of Melting and Dying;

She lik'd it, as ſomething of *Reaſon.*

When the Towzling was over, up *Bumkinet* roſe,
The Damſel began for to ſmooth down her Cloaths,
Extremely well pleas'd with his *Reaſon,*

For Preſſing,

Careſſing,

For Hugging and Sighing,

For Melting and Dying,

And wiſh'd it was always in *Season.*

A
WISH.

WOuld but the Gods this Wiſh allow,
How ſmooth the Stream of Life would flow
I'd have a Wife, that's of ſome Uſe,
Indifferent handſome, not Profuſe;
Sweet-temper'd, modeſt, good and Wiſe,
No other Brilliants, but her Eyes.

ODE
TO THE
SPRING.

LO! the ſurly Winter's paſt,
With ev'ry Ruffian Blaſt,
That how'ld upon the Mountain's Brow,
And ſhook the ſounding Woods below.
Thee, lovely *Spring*! with Joy we view,
To Thee our choiceſt Songs are due:
For Thee the ſprouting Births appear,
Thou genial Morning of the year!
By Thee the kindling Bluſhes riſe,
And brighter Charms in *Phœbe's* Eyes;
Thy ſoftning Gales her Boſom move,
Whilſt all her yielding Soul is Love.

Hail! lovely, charming, bluſhing *Spring*!
For Thee the Birds begin to ſing,
And chaunt to all the liſt'ning Grove,
Their gentle *Roundelays* of Love:
For Thee the foſt'ring Breezes blow,
And Streams in fuller Currents flow:
Inſpir'd by Thee groſs Atoms Life receive,
And animated *Earth* begins to live.
Since now you fill young *Phœbe*'s Mind
With Love, Oh! teach her to be kind:
Tell her in Whiſpers, 'tis no Crime
To pluck the Roſes in their Prime,
That *Beauty*'s Bloſſom quickly flies,
And, if not timely gather'd, dies.
Lovely Seaſon of Deſire!
Set her tender Breaſt on Fire;
Happieſt Seaſon of the Year!
Make her kind, as ſhe is Fair:
To Thee my choiceſt Stores I'll bring,
Lovely, charming, bluſhing Spring!

To Thee an Altar I will raiſe,
Soft, Virgin-Choirs ſhall ſing thy Praiſe,
Whilſt Muſick breaths the ſprightly Lays;
For bounteous are thy Gifts, and pleaſant all thy Days.

TO

PHÆBE.

When She was ANGRY.

PArdon, fair Maid! if ought the Muſe betrays
Too ſupercilious in her humble Lays;
Nor proudly think, ſhe arrogates Command;
Advice is good, tho' from the meaneſt Hand:
Then hear for once what your *Florelio* ſays,
Tho' you forget the Lover, mark the Poet's Lays,

In vain you think ſure Arguments to find
In high-blown Paſſions, and a ſtormy Mind;

In

In vain by all the Tempeſt of your Soul,
You ſtrive to frighten, what you can't controul:
Believe me then, fair Maid! believe a Friend,
Your Youth, your Beauty ſoon will have an End;
Then what will all this Violence avail?
Phœbe alas! *then Phœbe* ſure muſt fail:

Be then adviſ'd, be not to Reaſon blind,
But let *Good-Humour* ſway your gentle Mind;
By *This* Old-Age looks ſmiling thro' it's Flaws,
This, the ſtrong Baſis to the weakeſt Cauſe!
When Youth is fled, and Beauty drops her Darts,
This finds the ſureſt Paſſage to our Hearts:
Let *This* your headſtrong Paſſions once controul,
Let but *This Charmer* once poſſeſs your Soul;
Then, when your Youth, your Beauty ſuffers Ill,
Yet *charming Phœbe* ſhall be *Phœbe* ſtill.

DE-

DESCRIPTION

Of an Old

WOMAN.

A Wither'd Crone I ſpi'd within a Wood,
Full fourſcore Years had chill'd her frozen Blood:
Her Eyes (if Eyes ſhe had) could ſcarce appear,
The flowing Rheum juſt mark'd out where they were:
Her Noſe projecting from her wrinkled Face,
Stoop'd to the *riſing* Chin with *fond* Embrace;
Like a broad *Save-All* to the dropping Snout,
Her Under-Lip in *Baſs Reliefe* ſtuck out.
Like *Joſeph* ſhe appear'd to outward View,
A *patch'd* and *pie-ball'd Wretch*, of various Hue!

He

Her tatter'd Garment, flutt'ring in the Wind,
Flew off in Scraps, and ſcented all behind:
Trembling with Age, ſhe mumbled as ſhe went,
Hoarſe rattling Coughs ſtill lab'ring for a Vent,
All on dry Sticks, and ſhrivel'd Leaves intent.

LA Belle Romaneſque.

WHilſt Others doat on Ornaments of State,
And ſtrive to live impertinently *Great*;
Romantick *Sylvia* from the Town retreats
To pleaſant Walks, and diſtant Country-Seats;
Where aged Elms, with arching Tops entwin'd,
Wave their full Boughs, and murmur to the Wind:
The cawing Rooks, that on their Branches reſt,
A pleaſing, ſtudious Penſiveneſs ſuggeſt.
Here tender *Sylvia* from the World retires,
To ſhun lew'd Vanities, and high Deſires.

All her Ambition is confin'd to Books,
To ſhady Woods and Groves, and purling Brooks;

Gilt Coaches, Equipages, Publick Shows,
Plays, Op'ras, Balls, Toupees and *powder'd Beaux,*
No more theſe Scenes within her Boſom riſe,
Melt on her Ear, or brighten in her Eyes:
No *Scene*'s more pleaſant than the Vernal Woods,
No *Muſick* ſweeter than the falling Floods.
Soon as the *Whiſper* of the *Evening Breeze*
Curls on the Lake, or pants upon the Trees,
Far in the Copſe ſhe wanders all alone,
And ſoftly liſtens to the Turtle's Moan:
At ev'ry Note, that murmurs down the Grove,
She fondly Sighs, and all her Soul is is Love.

But when the deep'ning Shades proclaim the Night,
And riſing *Cynthia* ſheds her ſilver Light;
Home from the Woods the muſing Nymph repairs,
There ſits and chats 'till Sev'n, then up to Pray'rs:
Sometimes with Stories ſhe diverts the *Squire*,
Or reads Romances by the Parlour-Fire.

Thus *Sylvia* lives, more *Innocent* than *Great*,
And looks with Scorn upon the Farce of State.

LA
Belle Coquet.

FAR other Paſſions rule gay *Fulvia*'s Mind;
To *Masks* and *Op'ras* all her Soul's inclin'd:
Balls and *Aſſemblys* dance before her Sight.
And all that's Modiſh gives a new Delight.
That dear Thing! *Faſhion* ſways her gentle Soul,
And all that's *airy* all her Thoughts controul:
If *Churches* were deſign'd for nought but *Pray'r*,
She'd as ſoon drop the Faſhion, as go *there*.
But—lucky Hitt! O *England*! happy ſpot!
What kind Indulgence happens to thy Lot!
Where *Churches* are erected, and are meant,
As well for Folks to *Sin* in as *Repent*:

'Tis *here* she exercises all her Wiles,
With Head aside, and soft, affected Smiles,
Throws into Practise all her *Female Art*,
And draws the *Tinsel'd Coxcomb* to her Heart.

THE Faithless MAID.

Phœbe, a fair, dissembling Maid,
On fond *Florelio*'s Bosom laid,
Had vow'd how much she lov'd:
But *He*, who knew her Sexes Arts,
That oft' their Lips bely'd their Hearts,
Her *seeming Love* thus prov'd.

One Evening fair, to all unknown,
Disguis'd he left his Native Home,
In Princely Habit dress'd;
When meeting *Phœbe* in a Grove,
He thus (to try her artful Love)
The charming Nymph address'd:

Fair

Fair Maid! (ſays he) my tender Breaſt
For twelve long Months has been oppreſs'd
With that ſoft Paſſion, Love;
'Tis You alone muſt eaſe the Smart,
'Tis You muſt ſtop my bleeding Heart,
Dear, pretty Turtle-Dove!

Of gay Gallants (I know) you've *One*,
Yet Wealth nor Titles he has none,
Then ſet the Fool aſide;
Both Wealth and Titles I can give,
In Pomp and Splendour I can live,
And You ſhall be my Bride.

With Cordial Love and ſoft Delight,
Young *Phœbe* view'd the *charming Knight*,
She bluſh'd and thus began:
Since *thus* you promiſe, Sr. (ſhe ſaid)
Since *thus* you court a harmleſs Maid,
I love no other Man.

To Thoſe, who can't their Paſſion prove
But by beſtowing Hearts *in Love*,
Our Eyes are ever blind;
But to the *Rich* and *Wealthy Beau*,
To *Equipage* and *Pompous Show*,
We Women *muſt* be kind.

Florelio heard the faithleſs Maid,
With Pain he heard her, what ſhe ſaid,
Then ſighing, thus return'd;
If *thus* it is, we *Men* muſt love,
Florelio can't his Paſſion *prove*,
Thus *Phœbe* I am ſcorn'd.

Soon as ſhe heard *Florelio*'s Name,
She call'd to Mind his faultleſs Flame,
She call'd to Mind his Love:
With Guilt and Shame at once oppreſs'd,
She bluſhing ſmote her milk-white Breaſt,
And ſought the thickeſt Grove.

ON THE

DEATH of

Mr. JOHN WHITESIDE,

Experimental Philosopher

IN

OXFORD.

Quis desiderio sit Pudor aut Modus
Tam Chari Capitis? Hor.

YE Sons of Science! who with prying Eye
The mazy Deeps of Nature can descry;
Ye, who have seen the *wondrous Man* display
His noble *Art*, where Reason led the Way;

Ye, who have ſeen him with a nicer View
By *Demonſtration* prove his Doctrine true.
Forgive the Muſe, if weak the Numbers flow,
Alas! they labour with a Weight of Woe.

Who now ſhall give Myſterious Nature Laws,
And from Effects deduce the hidden Cauſe;
Who now ſhall by *Experiment* declare
To wondring Youth, the Nature of the Air?
Who now ſhall teach why lighter Parts *aſcend*,
And groſſer Bodies to the *Centre tend*?
Why round the Sun ſtill other Suns advance,
Fix'd and unerring in their Myſtick Dance?
Since *He* is gone, who ſhew'd theſe ſettled Rules,
The Lamp of Science, and the Pride of Schools!

Thee, *Whiteſide*! Thee the Sons of *Oxford* mourn,
And *Iſis* Shores the ſad Complaints return:
The lonely *Dome* with Sorrow now they view,
But now no more the noble *Task* purſue,
Since now that noble *Task* is all extinct in *You*.

Thou, who couldſt Nature's loweſt Depths deſcry,
And count the well-known Wonders of the Skie,
Say, *Learned Whiteſide*! dear, lamented *Shade*!
Since now thy *laſt Experiment* is *made*,
Say, what is *Death*? is *Death* a real Pain?
Or only what the Stings of Conſcience feign?
Is it a Reſt from all our Human Woes,
Where Peace and Silence keep their ſoft Repoſe?
Or is it by our Fancy *Monſtrous* made,
And painted *Black*, to make us more affraid?
Say, is not *Death* a harmleſs, lambent Flame,
What the *Bad* fly from, and the *Righteous* claim?
'Tis *Something* ſure, but what we cannot know,
'Tis *Something*, which we all muſt undergo.

Then here let all our nice Enquiries End,
For *Death* and only *Death* can be our Friend:
'Tis the ſure *Haven* of a Soul diſtreſs'd,
Where all the warring Paſſions are at Reſt:

'Tis

'Tis *here* the *Captive* lays his *Burthen* down,
And dreads no more the awful Monarch's Frown:
'Tis *here* the Monarch bends the Subject Knee,
'Tis *here* he learns the Weakneſs of his Plea,
And ſtands convinc'd there's *One*, that's *Greater* ſtill than *He*.

THE

OXFORD

BEAUTIES.

YE gentle Nymphs! that haunt fair *Iſis* Streams,
Aid me in Viſions and repeated Dreams;
By Beauty warm'd I touch the trembling String,
What Muſe for Beauty will refuſe to ſing?
Ye *Oxford Belles*! my raviſh'd Soul inſpire
With all the Poet's and the Lover's Fire:
Beam on my Mind, excite the ſoft Alarm,
And make me conſcious of each heav'nly Charm.

Lo!

Lo! to my View a thouſand Beauties riſe,
In ſilent Rapture ſtand my wondring Eyes:
A modeſt Ardour dawns upon my Soul,
And vaſt Ideas in my Boſom roul.
Fain with their Merits would I grace my Lays,
And make my Verſe immortal, as their Praiſe:
Oh! had I *Dorſet*'s ſweet, prevailing Art,
To ſpeak the gentle Tranſports of my Heart!
Could I, like Him, awake the warbling Lyre,
And at each Motion kindle warm Deſire.
Could I, like Him, the ev'ry Senſe improve,
And make my Numbers equal to my Love!
Each am'rous Line ſhould melt in ſoft Alarms,
And whiſp'ring tell, from whom it ſtole it's Charms.

Sweet is *Sibilla*, freſh as Infant Day,
Bright without Pride, and Innocently gay:
Whene'er ſhe wanders thro' the vernal Woods,
Or ſeeks the Murmurs of the falling Floods;

The

The vernal Woods ſeem raviſh'd at the Sight,
And ſofter Murmurs ſpeak the Floods Delight:
The *Sylvan Syrens* tune their choiceſt Strains,
And native Muſick fills the liſt'ning Plains.
A Thouſand *Cupids* wait upon the Fair,
Sport on her Breaſt, or revel in her Hair.

Shervina's Shape, her bright, unſully'd Charms,
Might ſet two warring Nations up in Arms:
See! with what Grace the ſoft Enchantreſs walks!
With what perſwaſive Eloquence She talks!
Such, or leſs fair, in antient Times was ſeen
On *Ida*'s ſhady Mount, the *Cyprian Queen.*
Sure! bounteous Heav'n, miſtaking theirs for *Thine*,
Caſt Thee, *Shervina*! in a Mould Divine.

Bright is *Dorella*, as the Morning Dawn,
Sweet as the Dews, that deck the open Lawn:
Soft as the Damask of the ſilken Roſe,
Mild as when *Zephirus* on *Flora* blows.

When-

Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, Gods! how her heav'nly Tongue
Melts down the Paſſions of the liſt'ning Throng!
Like *Sampſon's Riddle*, ſhe unfolds her Mind,
Where *Strength* and *Sweetneſs* both in *One* are joyn'd.

Fair *Anna's* Charms allure the am'rous Youth
To taſte the Joys of Innocence and Truth:
She's harmleſs as the Turtle of the Woods,
Sweet as the Vi'lets by the ſilver Floods.
No practis'd Smiles, or ſoft, affected Air
Sets off with cheating Grace the lovely Fair;
In native Beauty modeſtly ſhe walks,
And charms alike, whene'er ſhe looks or talks.

Eliza's Charms the heedleſs Boy ſurprize,
Whilſt Youth and Beauty ſparkle in her Eyes:
Endow'd with all, that can adorn the Fair,
A winning Accent, and a graceful Air.

When-

Whene'er her Lyre begins ſome warbled Air,
Sweet are the Notes, as Nature made her Fair:
With ſudden Arts ſhe traps the roving Heart,
And ſhoots her pleaſing Pains thro' every Part.

Andira's Beauties, like keen Light'ning, wound,
Her Words and Looks both equally confound:
How gently-ſoft her lovely Ringlets flow,
Sport with the Gales, and fan the Neck below:
Her panting Breaſts, like dying Turtles move,
Heave up and down, and wanton court to Love.
But when the ſweet-deluding Syren ſings,
Loves on her Lips rejoyce, and clap their ſilken
Wings.

Soft *Margaretta* warms the panting Heart,
And ſhoots her Venom quick thro' ev'ry Part:
But when ſhe ſmoothly ſwims the mazy Dance,
Now a Retreat, and then a bold Advance;

Heav'ns

Heav'ns! how the Soul in Tranſport melts away,
Unable to withſtand ſo bright a Day.

But oh! *Marinda*! how ſhall I rehearſe
Thy matchleſs Charms in my too humble Verſe?
Had not your Beauty Darts enough to wound,
But muſt we fall too by Poetick Sound?
Smooth flow your Numbers, as the gentle Stream,
Whilſt *Woods* and *Turtles* are your ſofteſt Theme:
Your *modeſt Air* and *Manners* ſtrong prevail,
In *which* your *Sappho*'s only ſaid to fail;
Tho' free, yet chaſte; tho' handſome, yet not vain;
Wiſe, without Pride; without Decieving, Plain.

Oh! let thoſe Breaſts be my Poetick Hill,
Thoſe balmy Lips my *Heliconian* Rill:
Here let the Poet live the Heav'nly Day,
For ever on that Boſom let me lay,
And ſing a whole Eternity away.

TO

PHÆBE.

Who bitt me by the LIP, *as I was Kiſſing* HER.

THanks to the Gods! the cruel Storm is paſt,
I plainly ſee, that *Phœbe*'s fix'd at laſt;
She, who but t'other Day deſpis'd my Pain,
Gave Frowns for Smiles; for Love, a cold Diſdain;
Reſolv'd to make me love but *her* alone,
Has ſet her *Stamp*, and *mark'd* me for her Own.
O Cruel! better hadſt Thou ſpar'd this Kiſs,
Mark'd ſome leſs uſeful Place, or any Place but *This*.

Sure!

Sure! 'twas the beſt of Ways, you e'er could find,
To make me always have you in my Mind:
But take Compaſſion, give me one Kiſs more,
A *Civil* Kiſs, Good Nymph! and heal my Sore.
Kiſs off the *Mark*, and yet believe me True,
For ſince you make me Love, I'll love, and none but
You.

PHÆBE TO FLORELIO AN EPISTLE.

Scribere juſſit Amor. Ovid.

DEep in the Centre of this Noon-tide Shade
I ſpend the Hours in Sighs, a hapleſs Maid!
Fair from theſe verdant Meads and roſy Bow'rs,
Far from the Fragrancy of op'ning Flow'rs
Florelio roves, and leaves me here alone,
To ſenſeleſs Rocks, and Woods to make my Moan.
Ah!

Ah! cruel Youth! and can't theſe pleaſant Groves,
Once the dear Scene of all our former Loves!
Can't Theſe then charm your raviſh'd Senſes more?
Oh! may they charm you, as they charm'd before!
Then have you quite forgot thoſe ſoft Alarms,
When you lay preſs'd in tender *Phœbe*'s Arms;
When tender *Phœbe* was your ſole Delight,
Your only Thoughts by Day, your Dreams by Night?
Remember ah! (for ſure you can't forget)
The thouſand tender Things you would repeat:
But if you can't; my Breaſt the Truth can tell,
For ah! a Love like mine remembers all too well.
How could you fondly ſay, this Face was fair,
Yet leave this Face a Prey to grim Deſpair?
How could you ſay, theſe Eyes were bright as Stars,
Yet leave theſe Eyes alas! diſſolv'd in Tears?
How could you ſay, theſe Lips like Coral glow,
Yet leave theſe Lips to utter nought but Woe?

How

How could you ſay, theſe Breaſts all Snowy riſe,
Yet leave theſe Breaſts to heave with Nought but Sighs?
For if ſuch Charms I could in Conſcience own,
Alas! they all were Charms for you alone.
This Face alas! which once you ſaid was fair,
For Thee is made a Prey to grim Deſpair:
Theſe Eyes, which once were bright as riſing Stars,
For Thee alas! are now diſſolv'd in Tears:
Theſe ruby Lips, which Coral-like could glow,
For Thee are taught to utter nought but Woe:
Theſe Breaſts, which once all Snowy-White could riſe,
For Thee muſt heave alas! with Nought but Sighs:

Then do but call theſe tender Things to Mind,
Do but reflect, and ſure you muſt be kind:
For ah! you cannot, will not take it Ill,
If *Phœbe* tells you, ſhe's your *Phœbe* ſtill.

Dear

Dear, faithleſs Youth! I here my Loſs deplore,
Whilſt you, perhaps, can think on me no more;
Charm'd with ſome Fair more beautiful and gay,
With whom you fondly ſpend the livelong Day:
Whilſt I alas! muſt wander in Deſpair,
Diſtracted beat my Breaſt, and tear my Hair.
At Cloſe of Day I roam the lonely Woods,
And gently liſten to the falling Floods;
The lonely Woods wave murm'ring to my Woe,
And falling Floods in ſeeming Anguiſh flow.
Then I with Tears the moſſy Bank ſurvey,
Where once we both together fondly lay;
Proſtrate I fall upon the printed Graſs,
And within my Tears bedew the ſacred Place.
In gloomy Shades and Grotts I vent my Grief,
But gloomy Shades and Grotts denie Relief.

Tho' far from *Phœbe* falſe *Florelio* flies,
Sleep ſets the charming Youth before my Eyes;

Around

Around my Neck he throws his ſnowy Arms,
And ruſhes on me in a Thouſand Charms:
But when the Morn my fleeting Hopes deſtroys,
I wake, and chide the viſionary Joys;
Far to the Woods and deſart Wilds I go,
There give the flying Gales my Tale of Woe.

In the dark Covert of a neighb'ring Shade,
By lofty Elms and dreery Cypreſs made,
A melancholy Turtle ſits alone,
And coos, reſponſive to my wretched Moan,
Widow'd, like me, forſaken by her Mate,
She ſighs in Murmurs her relentleſs Fate:
Each Morn we meet, and both aloud complain,
Each Morn aloud we both lament in vain.

No more the *Small-Birds* twittle out their Loves
Nor *Sylvan* Muſick warbles down the Groves;
No more I liſten to the Evening Breeze,
No more it ſoftly fans the waving Trees.

High o'er the darkſome Grove, and lone Retreat,
Once, my dear falſe *Florelio*'s happy Seat!
Black *Melancholy* ſits, with Horrour Crown'd,
And breaths a gloomy Silence all around:
Night, and her Shades more horrible appear,
But all would pleaſe, was but *Florelio* here:
His lovely Preſence lightens ev'ry Green,
Diſpels the Gloom, and gladdens all the Scene:
Sweet are his Looks, bright as the riſen Day,
Chaſing the melancholy *Dark* away:
When he appears, my Soul exults with Joy,
And ſtarts into my Eyes to meet the Boy.

Oft' thro' the Grove I ſolitary walk,
And with the vocal Ecchoes fondly talk,
Sometimes I ſudden ſtop, and think I hear
Florelio's Voice, ſweet-thrilling thro' my Ear,
Whilſt Hopes and Fears, alternate in my Breaſt,
Beat high, affording neither Joy nor Reſt:

I run, ſtand ſtill, then ruſh among the Trees,
And ſeem to hear him talk in ev'ry Breeze;
At laſt I lay me down beneath the Shade,
And blame the Weakneſs of a love-ſick Maid.

Oh! had I never known thoſe pow'rful Charms,
Never been claſp'd in thoſe bewitching Arms!
Oh! had I liv'd in ſome far-diſtant Place,
And never ſeen that Dear Enchanter's Face!
Oh! better had I never ſeen the Light,
But ſlept for ever in the Womb of Night!
But oh! —then I had never known the Boy,
Oh! never felt the Soul-diſſolving Joy!
Ne'er had I laid my weary head to Reſt,
On the ſoft Pillow of *Florelio*'s Breaſt,
Ne'er to his Boſom had he ſtrain'd me faſt,
As once he did—But that, I fear's the Laſt.

Yet may the friendly Gods propitious prove,
And bleſs *Florelio* in his future Love!

If greatly bold he ſeeks the War's Alarms,
Slow fly the Dart, Succeſs attend his Arms:
If on the Waves he braves the Stormy Main,
May *India*'s wealthy Mines reward his Pain.
Breath ſoft, ye Winds! ye Billows! gently rowl,
Ye bear the mighty Treaſure of my Soul:
Be calm, ye Heavens! no ſurging Waters riſe,
No lowry Storms diſturb the angry Skies;
Safe ſend *Florelio* back, tho' tender *Phœbe* dies.

A SESSION OF THE *OXFORD* POETS.

TO the fam'd Sons of *Iſis Apollo* of late
Came down from the Skies in Poetical State;
His Harp and his Fiddle hung looſe at his Back,
Juſt ſo as a Pedlar would carry his Pack:
And to ſhew that the God was to Women inclin'd,
Nine pretty, tight Damſels came tripping behind.
But what came he for? (quoth a Friend that is near)
Have Patience, Good Sr.? and in Time you ſhall hear.

You

You muſt know then, a vacant Preferment was made,
And who was to have it, but one of the Trade?
Upon this, Sr. *Apollo* was call'd for in Haſte,
To ſummon the Brethren and fill up the Place;
A Summons he call'd by a long-ſided Dame,
Who (if I'm not miſtaken) *Dan Virgil* calls *Fame.*

Whilſt *Fame* was a-blowing her Trumpet ſo loud,
To the Court there came flocking a numerous Croud,
Not half ſuch a Tribe run to *Theatre-Speeches*,
Or croud at St. *Mary*'s when *C — re* preaches.

Apollo began now to be in a Sweat,
And complain'd, that he almoſt was ſtifl'd with Heat;
Upon which (ſays a Bard, that had ſhoulder'd along,
As fierce as a Beef-Eater, quite thro' the Throng,)

One

One would think, Sr! that you could not well diſ-
approve
Of the Heat, ſince you feel it ſo often above.
The God made no Anſwer, but turning to *Fame*,
Prithee! who is this Coxcomb! and what is his
Name?
His Name, Sr! is *V——ne*; and pray, what can he do?
For to Me he ſeems Something quite foreign and
new,
As to outward Appearance he's far from a Poet,
Or rather, I think, like a *Thing*, that has no Wit;
Why ſure he don't think to come in for this Place,
I don't ſee one *Promiſing Sign* in his Face:
Oh! Sr! replies *Fame*, he's the beſt of the *Clan*
For ſinging or writing a *bonny Scots Sang*.
The Poetical *Loon*, who ſtood by all the while,
Preſented his Lays to the God with a *Smile*:
The God ſoon return'd 'em, and told him, h
thought
They might paſs pretty well *there*, from whence the
were brought,

But he vow'd and proteſted, he couldn't in Conſcience
Make him a *Profeſſour*, who wrote ſo much Nonſenſe.
But harkee! ſays he, prithee! don't be dejected,
And think you're dealt hard by, becauſe you're rejected;
Here's a good *Laurel-Staff*, to make you amends,
And as you're a Stout Fellow, you know, (between Friends)
Prithee! ſtep to yon Door, and keep out the Croud,
And you ſhall have for your Pains, ſomething more than's allow'd.

Little *H*——*e* came the next, with an arrogant Face,
As thinking himſelf *Cock-ſure* of the Place;
Apollo ſoon knew him, and check'd his Career
By asking, how he could in Conſcience appear,

In

In Hopes of Succeeding as Heir to the Bays,
Who by his *own Poems* had got ſo much Praiſe.

Upon this, up came *B — d*, and laid in his Claim,
Not dreaming, that e'er he ſhould miſs of his Aim;
But *Apollo* proteſted, he thought him too Gay
For ſuch an Employment, and bid him away,
For he ſhew'd his Parts beſt at th' *Aſſembly* and *Play*.

P — tt obſerv'd with Concern the two others re-
jected,
And could not forbear being ſorely dejected.
The God was ſo took with his modeſt Behaviour,
That he talk'd to him much, and much in his Fa-
vour,
And told him, that ſuch a Place he would not nee
For he fanci'd, that ſoon he would better ſucceed.

The next that appear'd, was a Bard of great Fam
Who preſented ſome Verſes with *Fe — y*'s Name
Oh

Oho! says *Apollo*, This here, I'm affraid, is,
The very same Person, that libell'd the *Ladies*;
'Tis the *Same*, you are sure, says *Fame*, without Doubt,
I remember the *Verses* when first they came out.
What a Pother and Rout the Girls made at that Time,
That their Beauty should fade so sudden in Rhime?
The *Lady* was angry, her *Beau* soon turn'd Poet,
And fir'd with Resentment, he scribbled to shew *it*.
Well then, says *Apollo*, since thus the Case stands,
I cannot, I dare not, Sr! grant your Demands;
For, I must confess, I bear so much Regard
To the Ladies, I would not prefer any Bard,
Who had injur'd the *Sex* (whatsoe'er be the Cause)
And besides, 'tis against the Poetical Laws.

When he was dismiss'd, J——es, a Bard of Renown,
Esteem'd a bright Genius all over the Town!

His *Highneſs* accoſted, and hop'd he wou'd give it
To *Him*, who with Thanks ſhould be glad to re-
cieve it;
To whom with a Smile his Godſhip repli'd,
You'll excuſe me, I hope, Sr. if once you're deni'd,
For pray, let me tell you, I never beſtow it
On *One*, whom I know is my Equal as Poet.

As *H——ds* ſoon after was going to ſhew
His Credentials, the God cry'd, I very well know,
That you have neglected the Muſes of late,
For Employments more ſerious, the Church and the
State,
And He, that is too much Intent on *Divinity*,
I am ſure, to the *Muſe* has but little Affinity.

As thus they were talking, *Apollo* eſpi'd
A Fellow come ſneaking up cloſe to his ſide,
Who is This? (ſays the God, upon turning to *Fame*)
He's but of ſmall Note, Sr! and *Woodward*'s his
Name: Well

Well Sr! ſays his Highneſs, what have you for to
ſay?
I ſuppoſe you are come too to *ſtand* here to day;
Yes Sr! (quoth the Bard with a Cringe) by your
Leave,
Very proud Sr!—I hope, your Highneſs will give—
When the God read his Lays, (which he lugg'd from
his Pocket)
What Stuff is all this? ſays he, go, for a Blockhead:
You *Profeſſour*! you ſhall; your Pretenſions reſign,
Thou'rt no more of a *Poet*, than thou art a *Divine*.

The next that appear'd, was *One* of great Fame,
A Lady of Beauty, and *J——nes* was her Name;
With a modeſt Behaviour ſhe offer'd her Lays,
And hop'd, that *Apollo*, would give her the Bays;
His Highneſs beheld her with Pain and Surpriſe,
And ſwore by her Dimples and ſparkling, bright
Eyes,

That was it e'er granted to Females before,
There was none of 'em all, that e'er merited more;
But *Women-Profeſſours* were out of Date grown,
And was now ſuch a Thing, as never was known,
And ſince her Renown was Superiour to Others,
He hop'd, ſhe'd reſign *it* to One of her *Brothers*.

His Highneſs being tir'd and fatigu'd out at laſt
With the Tribes, that came flocking about him ſo faſt,
Call'd out to One *Sp——e*, who was gaping about,
Ne'er dreaming of this, in the midſt of the Rout,
And told him, 'twas thought moſt convenient and fitt,
That He ſhould be made the *Profeſſor* of Witt;
Not for ſtealing from Him †what was none of his own,
But contriving it ſo, that it never was known.

† His Critical Eſſay on *Pope*'s Odyſſey.

Then

Then his Godſhip declar'd, that the Critique was *His*:
The Trumpet was blow'd, and the Court was diſmiſs'd.

THE

THE POET.

TEll me, dear *Florio*! didſt thou never know
The Poet by his Mien, and outward Show?
Say, didſt thou ne'er obſerve the Head elate,
Slow-meaſur'd ſtep, and ever-ſober Gate;
The ſerious Look, with fix'd, uplifted Eyes,
In penſive Mood converſing with the Skies?
Haſt not thou ſeen him muſing thro' the Woods,
Or lonely dreaming by the ſilver Floods,
Where a ſlow River rowls it's eaſy Stream,
Calm as his Thoughts, and gentle as his Theme?

Oft'

Oft by his *Dreſs* you may the *Bard* deſcry,
The *Sun-burnt Caxton*, ſtareing all awry;
The *brown*, unbuckled *Shoe*, the *Stockings down*,
The *Crop-ear'd Hat*, and tatter'd *Morning-Gown*;
The *Shirt* unbutton'd at his tuneful Throat,
Whilſt *Want* ſits *cringing* on his *Thread-bare Coat*;
Unknowing where, he *paſſes* thro' the Throng,
And rumbles Verſes, as he *moves* along.

Have you not ſeen him in an upper Floor,
Scratching for Rhime, *Poetically Poor*?
The Books he has, one little Shelf contains,
No *Ready Caſh*, the Price of all his Pains!
Whate'er the *Muſes* bring with Morning Light,
Melts in mild-Ale the next ſucceeding Night.
His Room's uncooth, diſorder'd, as his Dreſs,
The very Windows ſpeak his ſore Diſtreſs:
No glitt'ring Candleſticks adorn his Board,
Nor common Candles will his Purſe afford;

A *black* Tobacco-Pipe muſt ſerve *inſtead*,
And *Make-weight* Candle light the *Bard* to Bed.
Broke by the Chimney ſtands an Elbow-Chair,
The burſten Bellows *wheezing* for Repair:
Extended Cob-webs hang the ſable Room,
And throw around a dim, Religious Gloom:
Disjoynted Table, Chimney void of Grate,
All ſpeak their Maſter's *broken*, low Eſtate.

Say then, dear *Florio*! didſt thou never ſee
The wretched Creature of this mean Degree?
Macer's the Man (if e'er you heard his Name)
And if we were to ſearch the Books of *Fame*,
I fancy, all *True Poets* are the *Same*.

THE FORCE OF BEAUTY.

Myrtilla with her Arts
So enſlaves all our Hearts,
Her Preſence 'tis Death to abide;
She faſter can take 'em,
Than Heaven can make 'em,
Good Heav'n! lay your Moulds all aſide.

'Tis but Labour and Pain
To work so in vain,
That the Women may shew their *nice Arts*;
Can You but contrive
Without Work to live,
Never fear, we can live without Hearts.

BEAUTY.

SONG.

SOftly breath, ye musky Gales!
Phœbe lies in yonder Shade;
Little, warbling Nightingales
Lull to Reſt the Sleeping Maid.
Cupids, hov'ring round her Head,
Their ſilken Wings Indulgent ſpread.

Gently flow, ye ſilver Streams!
Gently to your Parent-Deep,
Melt her Soul with tender Dreams,
As purling by the Nymph ye creep:
Ev'ry Stream and whiſp'ring Wind,
All conſpire to ſooth her Mind.

Should the *tender Thing* but dream,
Should kind Visions to her flee,
Should *Florelio* be the Theme,
Should her Dreams be all of Me,
Long may *Phœbe* take her Reft!
Long, *Florelio*! be Thou bleſs'd!

Hor. Ode 18.

NYmphs purſuing thro' my Farm,
Faunus! do my Flocks no Harm!
If each Year a tender Kid,
On thy Altar, *Faunus*! bleed;
If the ſprightly circling Bowls
Cheer with wine our amorous Souls;
Let my Lambkins free from Harm,
Friſk around my little Farm!

When

When the Year brings back thy Feaſt,
Beaſts as well as Men ſhall reſt:
All the Nymphs and all the Swains
Nimbly tripping o'er the Plains;
Kids and Wolves ſhall free from Harm
Graze around my little Farm.

All the Village far and near
At thy Feſtival appear:
To Thee, of Woods and Groves a Friend,
Woods and Groves their Branches bend:
While Lads and Laſſes free from Harm,
Dance around my little Farm.

James Clarke
Ætat. 15.

A HYMN TO THE CREATOUR.

An Imitation of *Milton*'s Style.

TO *Thee* I'll lift my Voice, to *Thee* I'll ſing,
Father of Light and Life! Thou *Good Supreme*!
Eternal Majeſty! whoſe awful Throne,
Inviron'd by thick Waters, Clouds on Clouds
Convolv'd, ſupport; Darkneſs embow'ring ſhrowds
Thy ſacred *Preſence*, to the feeble Eye
Of Man inviſible, yet *Theſe* thy Works,
This lower World, and yon huge ſtarry Vault

Be-

Beſpeak thy Greatneſs; *Theſe* thy Hand Divine
Proclaim, and *Thoſe* thy Grandeur in the Heav'ns,
Infinite, ineffable, beyond all Thought
Incomprehenſive: who ſhall tell thy Praiſe?
Who walk'ſt the Sun-pav'd Circuit of the Skies
From all Eternity, Thou Great *Three-One*!

HYMN

E'er yet the *mighty Fiat* was ſent out
Into rude *Chaos*, or Informing Light
Began to ſpring; e'er yet th' *Ætherial Spirit*
Soft-breathing o'er the watry Surface *mov'd*;
Before the deep Foundations of the Earth
Were ſtretch'd upon the Floods; before the Air,
Contexture Fine! was ſpun, or yon blew Fields
Of *Æther* were diſplay'd; e'er the bright Orbs,
Worlds countleſs! were launch'd forth upon the *Deeps*
Of *Space Interminate*; before *Old Time*
Eldeſt of Things! e'er was, *Thou art* for ever,
Being uncreated! Self-Exiſtent Cauſe!

But

But how ſhall I attempt this mighty *Theme*?
How ſhall I ſing of him, (whoſe high Beheſts
Were utter'd erſt, on *Sinai*'s radiant Mount,
In Clouds and dreadful Thunderings; all the while
Was heard a ſhrilling Clangour wondrous loud,
Sonorous Metal breathing from on high
Tremendous Harmony, the Mountain ſmok'd,
Thick, dusky Vapours riſing, *Iſrael* quak'd,
And trembled all below,) the groveling Muſe
Sinks far beneath, nor dares renew her flight
Ætherial: O! ye flaming Pow'rs above!
Ye, who behold him dayly, and in Hymns,
And ſacred Songs, rejoycing laud his Name,
His Greatneſs, Majeſty, and wondrous Works,
Lend me your Harps, Oh! guide my trembling Hand,
Inſtruct my Heart, and teach me how to ſing.

Begin the Song, ye Sons of Light! begin,
And ſing th' *Eſſential Preſence*: Thou, O Sun!

Regent of Day! proclaim him in thy Courſe,
Both when thou riſeſt from the purpled Eaſt,
Emblazoning the Skies, or at Mid-day,
Or when thou bring'ſt grey Evening on, thy Beams
Shot parallel to Earth. Nor let the Moon
Not know by whom ſhe ſhines, but as ſhe rides
High on the ſilver Cloud, with all the Stars,
That lead the myſtick Dance around the Heav'ns,
And all the Vocal Planets, joyn in Praiſe
Of God Eternal; let the waving Air
It's Diſtricts wide expand, and up convey
The grateful Symphony: And ye, ye Winds!
That blow the Cardinals, your Force collect
In one continu'd Blaſt, and breath aloud
Triumphant Songs of Glory: O ye Birds,
In bolder Notes chaunt out his Praiſe: ye Springs!
And liquid Fountains! warble in your Flow
Your Author's Goodneſs, who ordain'd your Courſe,
And taught you how to run: ye lofty Pines!
And waving Cedars! bow, bow low your Heads,

And pay your Homage due: Ye ſcaly Tribes!
That ſee his Wonders in the mighty Deep,
A Voice aſſume, and make the Coral Groves,
And hollow Rocks your Maker's Praiſe reſound.
Ye Beaſts of ev'ry Wood, Forreſt, or Chaſe,
Your Thanks expreſs in hideous Savage Roar,
Shaking the howling Wilderneſs: Thou Bed
Of Waters deep, old Ocean! in whoſe Womb
Capacious, lurk unſeen a horrid Brood
Of yelling Monſters, let thy hoary Sons
Their inmoſt Caverns quit, and mingle Praiſe;
Let too that Tempeſt-loving, huge *Leviathan*,
Whoſe Breath's a Storm, who ſhading half the Deep
Rides on the loud Sea-wave, and from his Mouth
Wide-ſnorting Spouts a Tide, let him atteſt
The Bounty of that God, who gave him Life,
And thoſe wide, liquid Realms for his Poſſeſſion,
To take his Paſtime there. Ye Storms and Tempeſts!
Ye Clouds and Meteors! Hail and guſhing Rain!
Wheel o'er the darken'd Air, and rend the Skies

With horrible Applauſe; let the loud Voice
Of Solemn Thund'rings, length'ning Peal on Peal,
Loading the Winds, the mighty Concert joyn.

And Thou, God's nobleſt Work! *Man*, Lord of All!
Created in his Image! look around,
And view with Reaſon's Intellectual Eye
This vaſt, complex, amazing Scene of Things,
This Theatre of Nature! then with all
Th' Harmonious Orbs on high, and all the Earth,
In Choral Symphony extoll that God,
Who is from all Eternity——O! Pow'r Supreme!
If ought of Evil is within me lodg'd,
Hid or conceal'd, may thy all-piercing Ray
Purge me and cleanſe me, that (when all muſt end,
And *Time* ſhall be no more) with Angel-Choirs,
And all th' *Ætherial* Hoſt, I may declare,
In Songs Cherubick, joy'n'd with Harps Seraphick,

And

And Heav'nly Voices, (when the Morning-Stars
Shall once more sing together) without End
Thy Pow'r, thy Glory, and thy wondrous Works.

FAREWELL TO POETRY.

Cæstus Artemque repono. Virg.

TO Love's ſoft Theme my Harp has long been ſtrung,
Long have the *Smiling Sex* engroſs'd my Song:
Oft' have I trifled by the Muſes Streams,
And on their Hill indulg'd their raptur'd Dreams,
Whilſt ſportive *Fancy* roam'd their green Retreats,
Not undelighted with their ſhady Seats.
'Tis true; but can we always hope to find
The ſelf-ſame Paſſions in the ſelf-ſame Mind?

Ah!

Ah! no; theſe Inclinations I reſign,
Be it henceforth a Crime to call 'em mine!
Ye gay Illuſions! fleeting Dreams! Farewell!
Be mine henceforth the *Hermit*'s midnight Cell;
To whoſe low Roof Philoſophy deſcends,
And o'er the Sage in prompting Viſions bends:
'Tis *She*, that makes our Paſſions bear Controul,
And breaths warm Comfort o'er the ſoften'd Soul,
Inſtructs our Goings in the deſtin'd Way,
And ſmooths our Paſſage to Eternal Day.
There, there, ye Gods! for ever let me hide,
Far from the Baits of Senſe, and wordly Pride,
Where *Party-Fewds* Men's ſev'ral Actions blend,
And All are Fools or Madmen in the End.

Fir'd at a nobler View, I'll give it o'er,
And doat on Thee, dear *Poetry*! no more;
Thy Charms *Divine Philoſophy* ſhall blot,
And ev'ry *Muſe*—but *Phœbe*, be forgot.

RUSTICÆ NUNDINÆ

Anglicè

A COUNTRY-FAIR.

FEstivos Ritus populi, & Solennia Ruris
Annua, Delicias Pueri, innuptæque Puellæ!
Jucundam visu Scenam! Tu carmine, Musa!
Commemora, & totum spirent prætordia Numen.

Nondum læta Dies, & non inamabilis Hora
Emicat, arrectus magnâ spe Rusticus ardet,
Ludosque expectat varios, quos Nundina præbent:
Dulcis Imago venit, quoties humentibus umbris
Nox operit terras; pugnis aut Fuste tremendo
Certat,

Certat, & in ſomnis agili pede dejicit Hoſtem;
Tantus Amor pugnæ, Famæque arrecta Cupido!
Nec minùs in lecto gaudet Puer, ille volutat
Irrequietus, ovans Scuticâque & Arundine longâ.

Jam rubet expectata Dies, operumque Labores
Nunc interrupti ceſſant, requieſcit aratri
Vomer, & in medio ſulco terit otia fixus.
Rus agitat lætum Feſtos: *Amarillis* amantem
In Ludos format, diſponit in ordine Crines,
Tam chari Capitis, farrisque albedine ſpargit,
Compoſitum Strophium (ſed habet preſſa Oſcula) ligat
Agreſti Collo, penituſque laborat in uno:
Nec minus Illa ſui tandem *Corydonis* ocellos
Oblectare ſtudet, multo cum pulvere crines
Inſtruit, & circùm nitidum Ventrale revincit.

Proles læta ſalit, foribuſque exardet abire,
Quam Mater purgat, feſtoque exornat amictu;
Jamque domum egreſſi coeunt, quels pone Moloſſus

It comes, & tacito gteſſu veſtigia figit:
Infante exonerat Matercula blanda Maritum,
Ille bonus laſſat verba Imperfecta, tenelli
Mirè componens lachrymas, mulcetque canendo;
Se lateri adjungit Conjux, dum parvus *Amyntor*
Feſtinat lentè, & ſequitur non paſſibus æquis.

Agmine jam pleno Populus confuſus ab omni
Parte ruunt, qui teſqua colunt ſub vallibus imis,
Qui Montes habitant, & qui propè murmura Rivi:
Æſtuat omne Solum: Calami, nugæque canoræ
Ore Puerili ſcrillant, Vagitibus auras
Perturbat teneris Infantulus, undique circum
Conglomerat mixtus clamor: novus undique Ludus
Emicat ante oculos, hìc pars certare parantur
Aut Fuſte aut Pedibus; riſu illìc Compita fervent,
Collaudantque Jocos, quos ludicrus *Andreo* ſpargit:
Ille jocoſa tuens Naſo criſpante Cachinnos
Ingeminat; Veſtis vario diverſa colore,
Errantes oculi, Geſtuſque, & comica Lingua

Sub

Sub ſpecie Ingenii ſtringunt ignobile Vulgus.
In nova fert animus, populum oblectare frementem,
Non ſatis eſt placuiſſe Jocis, Geſtuque, Habituque,
Quin (mirum dictu!) diſtortis faucibus inſtat
Horridus, & vivum Buſonem aut devorat Anguem.
En! quantâ Aſtutiâ Vultûs, lepido ſale mixtas
Commendat pilulas, ſummoque in pollice verſat!
Ruſticus admirans inhiat, loculoſque reſignans
Stultitiam fluxo ære parat, renovatque Priorem.
Per Scenam incedit Medicus, laudatque tumenti
Sermone egregias pilulas: modò promit Elixir
Catharicum, quâ vi morbos expellit amaros;
Arte Cacochimicos ſtrictus Inteſtinarum
Solvit, Hydrocephalum, & Mucilagia Tartara purgat:
Jam movet Antidoton Veneripton, corrigit omnes
Garbunclos, Ragadaſque, Gonorrheas, Phymoſinque
Atque Paraphymoſin, Priapiſmos, atque Tumores,
Cum multis aliis, quæ Muſa referre recuſat:
Multæ ſunt Pilulæ, non pauca & Nomina, tantùm
Nomina nota ſibi, ſed Vis notiſſima latè.

Externis dictis inhians deludere Vulgus
Hic labor, hoc opus est; lepidum Caput! Andrea lodit
Scommata, Plebs probat, & ditescit ab Arte *Machaon*.

Atque ea diversâ penitùs dum parte geruntur,
Lætitiâ Domus hic resonat; *Twangdillo* tumultum
Conglomerat fidibus, plebemque inspirat & Omnes
En! choream miscent; quantâ arte tripudiat inter
Dispositas turmas *Thirsis* cum *Thestile* junctim!
Et nunc in medio coeunt, lasciva tuentes
Pectora pectoribus jungunt, & in orbibus orbes
Implicitis agitant manibus, tandemque recedunt
Admoniti cantu vario, refluuntque fluuntque
Curvum iter, in Gyris errantes; calce sonoro
Tundit humum *Corydon*, mollique dat oscula Nymphæ,
Quæ malè devitat, Collumque obnixa reclinat.
Heus! *Twangdillo* fides tangit modulamine docto,
Pressæ dulcè sonant Chordæ, commista Juventus
Jam celerare pedes, choreâque effervere lætâ.
Suscitat hic alacres modulos, Caput inclinatque

Dulcè

Dulcè ſibi repetens; Oculus micat Unicus, & Crus
Truncatum movet, & numeris Reſpondet amœnis.

Detrahe quin oculos, aliâque in parte Tumultum
Diverſum videas; multo cum robore Fuſtem
Vibrat in Adverſum *Mopſus*, pugnamque fatigat:
Stans procul in tumulum *Phyllis* proſpectat Amantem
Lumine ſollicito, ſperat, deſperat, & ardet
In vicibus, totum Pectus conſurgit in Hoſtem:
Dulcè tuens *Mopſi* vires inſtaurat, agitque
Brachia, deſcendit graviori pondere Fuſtis;
Emicat ingeminans Ictus, atque acrior inſtat:
Vix feriens labat Adverſus; latus & caput Ingens
Fuſte cavum reſonat, laſſatus verbere crebro
Cedit, & immenſus ferit aurea ſydera clamor.
Nec fruſtrà vicit *Mopſus*, Victoria duplex
Pectore ſubridet; gaudet, partumque Galerum
Imponit capiti, Nymphæque ardentis ocellis
Gratior ingreditur, quæ jam ſe læta reſignat
Victori, blandiſque Virum complectitur Ulnis.

Sic

Sic quod non humiles Geſtus potuere, nec Artes
Linguæ melliſluæ, Effecisti Fuſtis! Amice
Certe Procis! atque Uxoris certiſſime Cuſtos!

Undique diverſis ſpectâclis compita fervent:
Cyclicus hic Cantor tripodem ſublatus in altum
Auribus aſtringit Vulgus, dum nate canente
Formoſæ recitat *Roſamondæ* lugubre Fatum,
Seu quondam in ſolis Infantum Funera ſylvis.
Illic horreolo, ſurgit quà condita Meſſis,
Turba incluſa fremit, dum turget Homuncio Scenam
Per modicam, & læto jactat convicia Vulgo.
Illic plena Domus ſonat intus, amica Juventus
Indulget cyathos, Pueri innuptæque Puellæ
Participant Riſus, luſus, atque Oſcula blanda;
Jamque cyphis *Corydon* renovat promiſſa priora,
Propinans teneræ Nymphæ, exoptanſque Salutem.

Vertitur intereà Cœlum; procedit *Olympo*
Veſper, & inducunt obſcura crepuſcula Noctem:

Sur-

Surrexere omnes menſis cyathiſque remotis,
Ad ſua Quiſque redit; feſtivis *Daphnen Amyntas*
Exonerat † Zeniis, dandoque aſtringit Amores.
Sæpe autem, dum tecta petunt, veſtigia fallit
Materiâ pingui exoriens Erraticus Ignis;
(Quem denſant Tenebræ, circumdant Frigora, donec
Sæpe agitando rapit ſpatioſam in fomite flammam.)
Ille per aerios fallaci lumine campos
Curſitat, erroneſque vagos ſeducit in altum
Nocte ſilente Lacum, aut ſparſas per Prata paludes.

Multa inter ſeſe vario ſermone revolvunt,
Nec deſunt riſus; repetitaque Baſia fallunt
Dura Viæ, donec riſu joculiſque propinquant
Paulatim Vico, jam ſtantque in limine Tecti:
Dumque fatigati tornata ſedilia complent,
Felix Conventus! juvat enumerare Forenſes
Ludos; & jam jamque putant Spectâcla videre,
Ut priùs, ante oculos Mulier Funambula profert

† Fairings.

Artem

Artem mirandam, jam jam Lapsura, cadentique
Imminet assimilis, jam Saltu assurgit in altum,
Et levis in Funem subsultat, stans pede in uno.
Thyrsis agit risus, quoties rudis Ille recenset
Et pilulas, lepidosque Sales, quos *Andrea* lætus
Spargerat in Vulgus: videt, exoptatque Tabernas
Splendentes *Phillis*, quà directo ordine Nugæ
Fœmineæ elicium oculos, quàm vellet adire
Rursus, & in turbâ rursus commiscier arctâ!

Talia commemorant, donec Sopor artubus altè
Insinuat, suadentque cadentia Lumina Somnum.

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